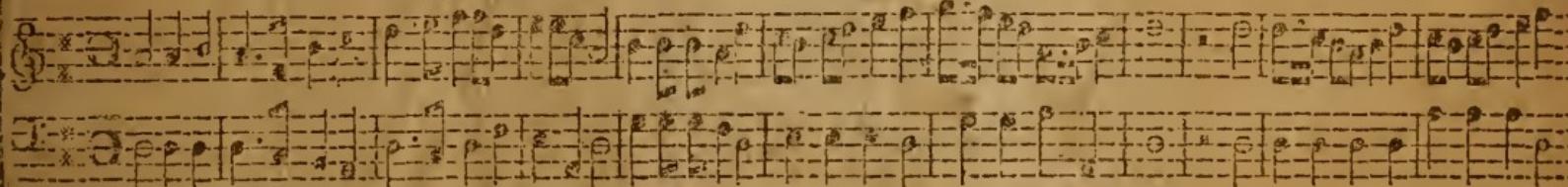




Dearest of all the names above, My Jesus and my God, Who can resist thy heav'nly love, Or trifle with thy blood ? 'Tis by the merits of thy death The

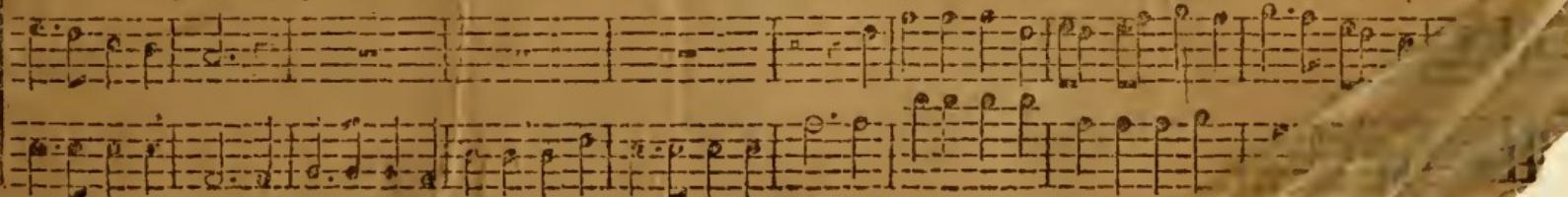


Pia.

For.



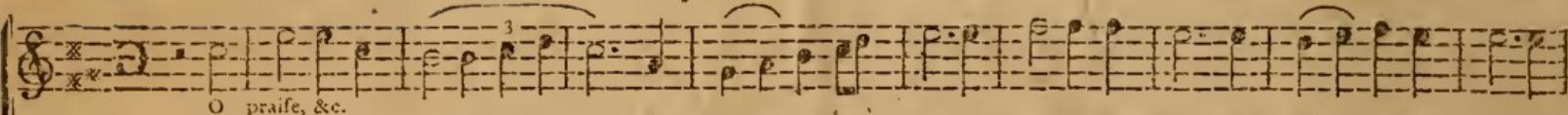
Father smiles again ; 'Tis by thine interceding breath The Spirit dwells with men, 'Tis by thine interceding breath The Spirit dwells with men,



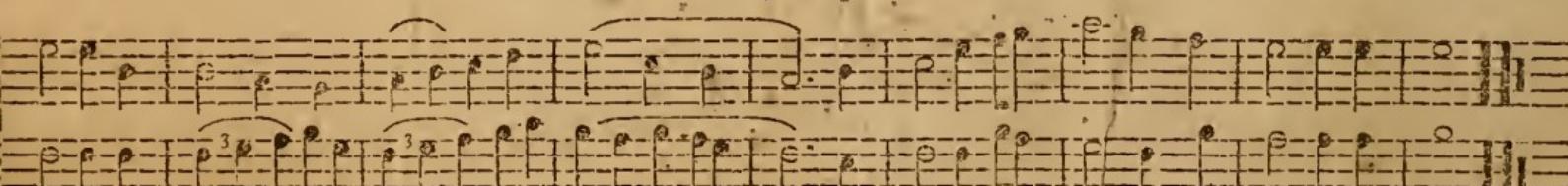
Triumph.

P. M.

HAMILTON.



O praise ye the Lord, Prepare your glad voice, His praise in the great Assembly to sing; In



our great Creator Let Israel rejoice, And children of Zion Be glad in their King.

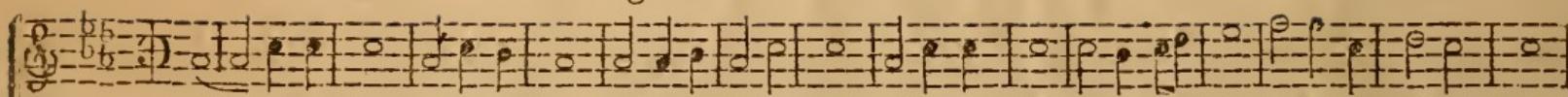


Along the banks where Babel's current flows, Our captive bands in deep despondence stray'd ; While Zion's fall in sad remembrance rose, Her friends, her children mingled with the dead.

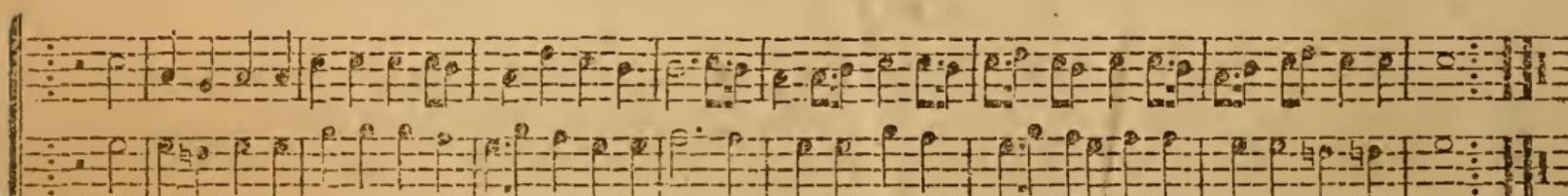
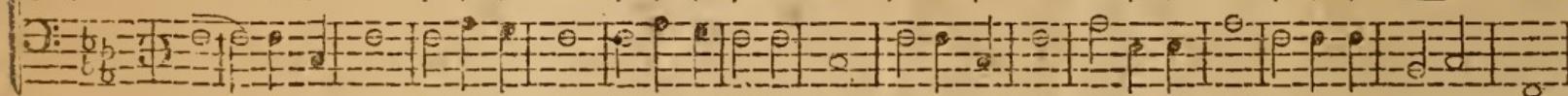
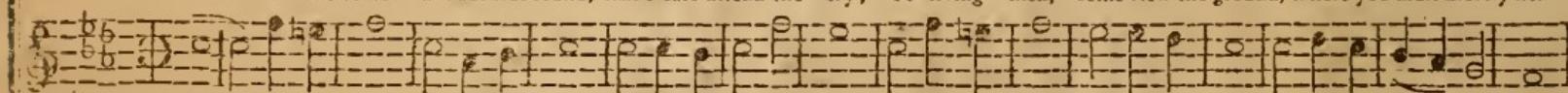
Elim. All Sevens.

BABCOCK. Words by Merrick.

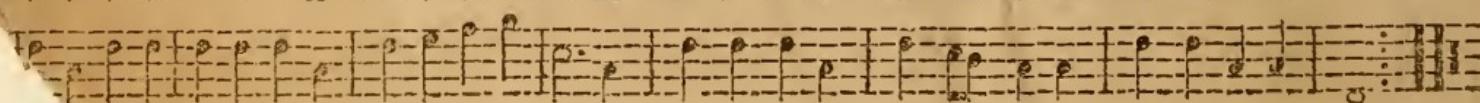
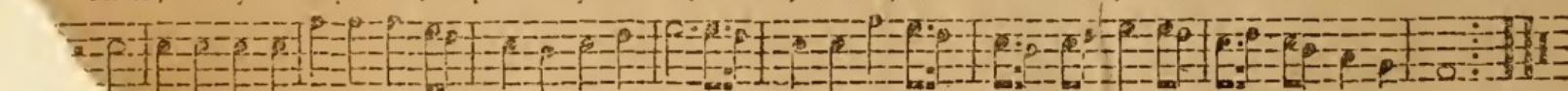
Lift your voice and thankful sing Praises to your heav'nly King ; For his blessings far extend, And his mercy knows no end.



Hark! from the tombs a mournful sound, Mine ears attend the cry; Ye living men, come view the ground, Where you must shortly lie.



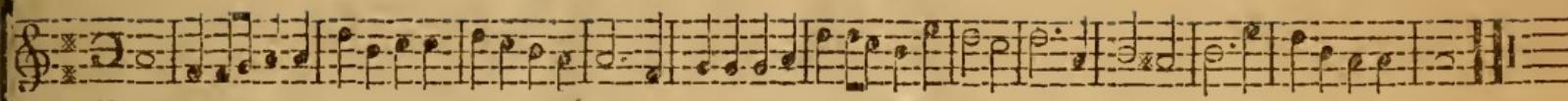
Princes, this clay must be your bed, In spite of all your tow'rs; The tall, the wise, the rev'rend head, Must lie as low as ours.



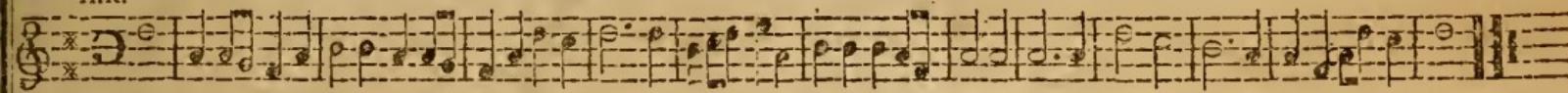
Sharon. P. M.

BELKNAP.

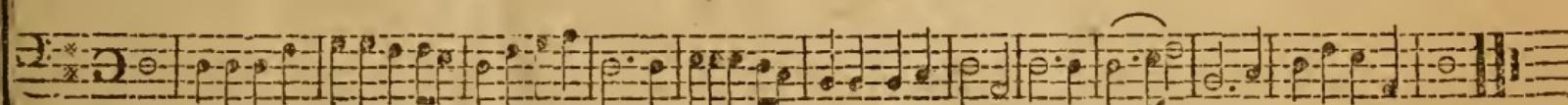
21



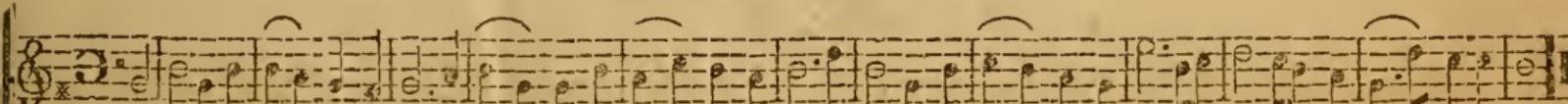
AIR.



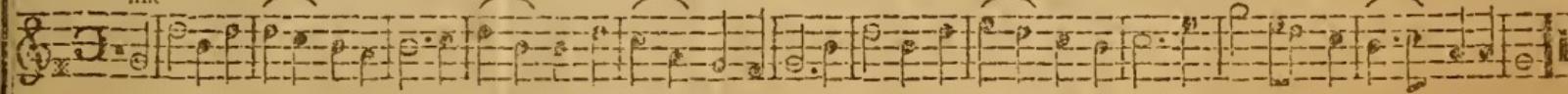
Though not with mortal eyes we see Our dear Emanuel's face; Yct we behold him on the tree By faith, & cry, lo, this is he Who suffer'd our disgrace.



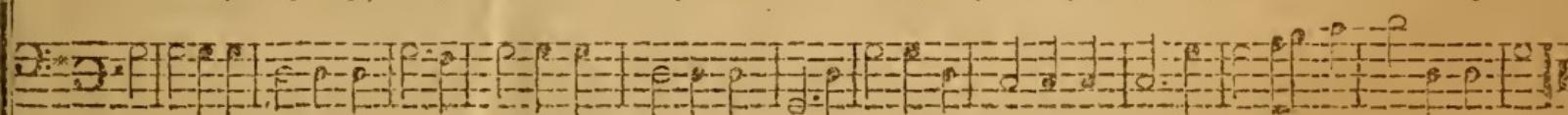
Pelham. P. M.



AIR



How sweetly along the gay mead, The daisies and cowslips are seen! The flocks, as they carelessly feed, Rejoice in the beautiful green.



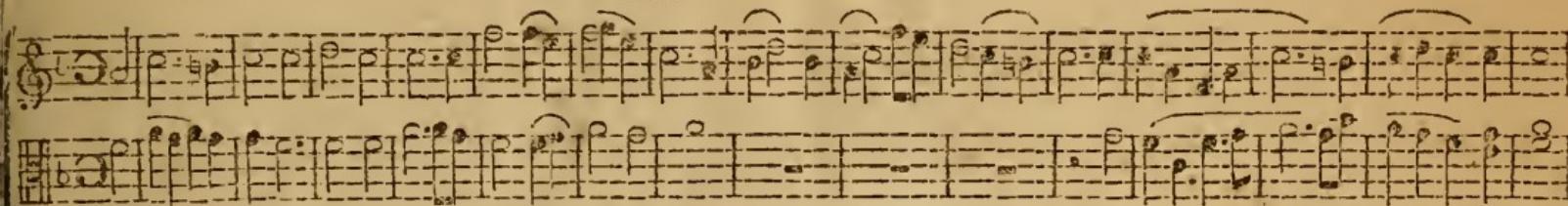
Great Father of mankind, We bless the wond'rous grace That could for Gentiles find Within thy courts a place. How kind the care Our God displays, For us to raise A house of prayer.

Deerfield: P. M.

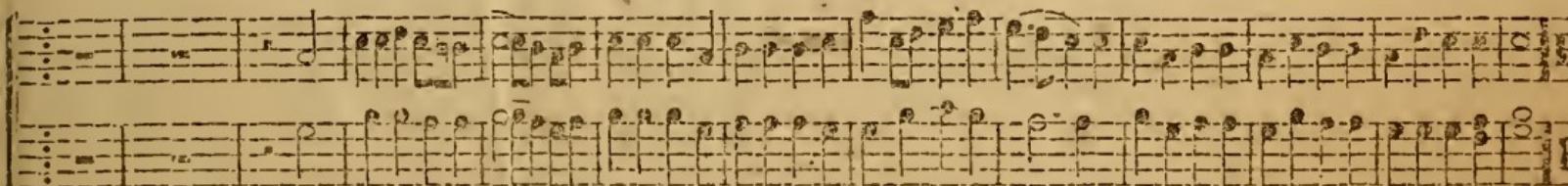
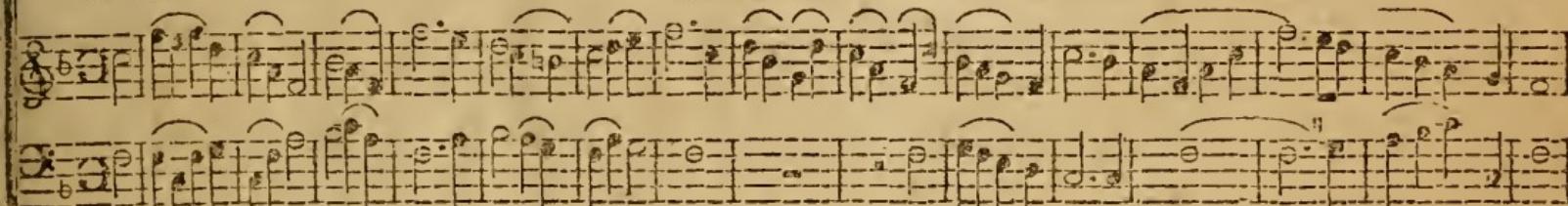
AIR.

I'll praise my Maker with my breath, Praise shall employ my nobler pow'rs; While life and thought and being last,

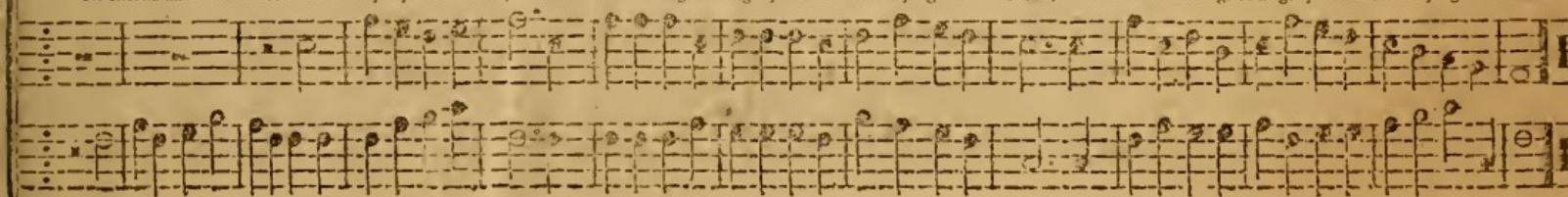
And when my voice is lost in death, My days of praise shall ne'er be past, Or immortality endures.



The Lord descended from above, And bow'd the heav'ns most high, And underneath his feet he cast The darkness of the sky.



On cherub and on citerulim Full royalty he rode, And on the wings of mighty winds Came flying all abroad, And on the wings of mighty winds Came flying all abroad.



Hark! from the skies a dreadful found,
See how the clouds spread o'er the skies; The thunders roar and shake the ground, And fill the

The flaming streams of lightning play, Convey'd by God's eternal

creatures with surprise.
The flaming streams of lightning play, Convey'd by God's eternal hand; At his command the

The flaming streams of lightning play, Convey'd by God's eternal hand;
The flaming streams of lightning play, Convey'd by God's Almighty hand; At his command the streams obey, All

hand; At his command the streams obey,

streams obey, And flash along at his command, And flash along at his command,

flash along at his command, &c.

Flanders. C. M.

BABCOCK.

AIR.

Since I have plac'd my trust in God, A refuge always nigh, Why should I, like a tim'rous bird, To distant mountains fly, To. &c.

The meadows drest in
The little hills on ev'ry side, Rejoice at falling show'r's,
The meadows drest in all their pride, Per-
The meadows drest in all their pride, Perfume the air with
all their pride, Perfume the air with flow'r's, Perfume, &c.
meadows drest in all their pride; The meadows drest in all their pride, Perfume the air with flow'r's.
fume the air with flow'r's, The meadows, &c.
flow'r's, The, &c.



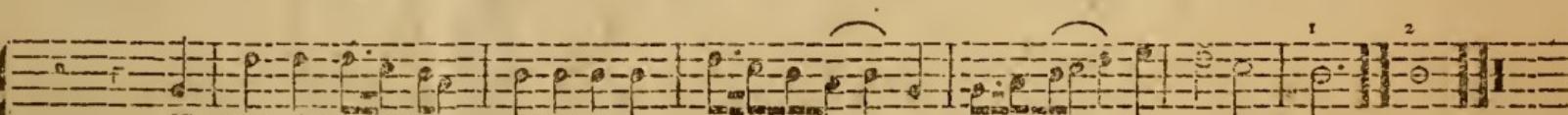
The Lord Jehovah reigns, His threne is built on high; The garments he assumes, Are light and majesty:

His

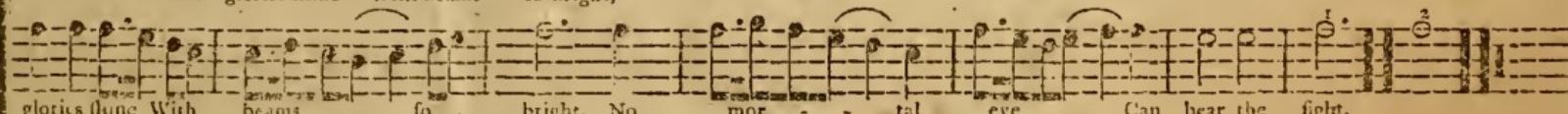


His glories shine With

His glories shine With beams so bright, No



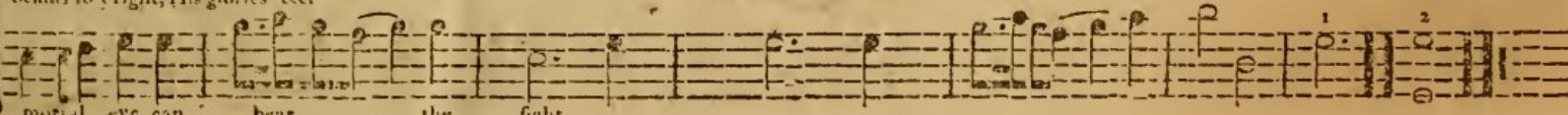
His glories shine With beams so bright,



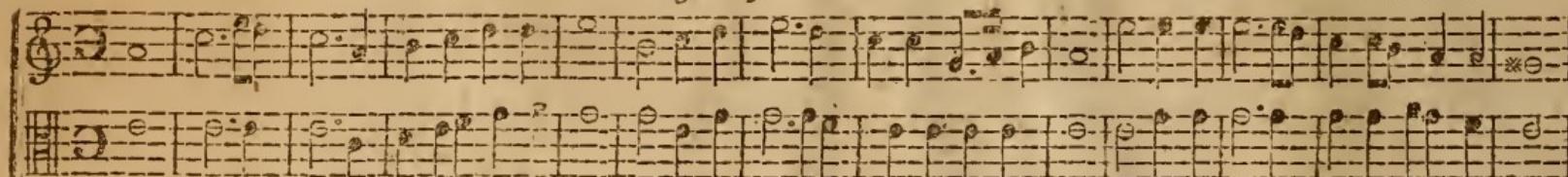
glories shine With beams so bright, No mortal eye Can bear the sight.



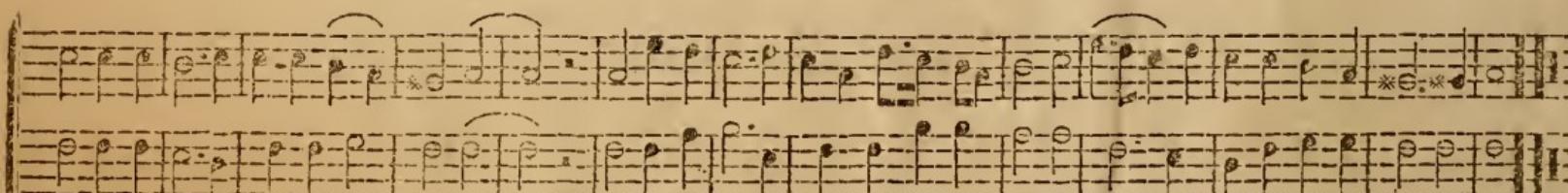
beams so bright, His glories &c.



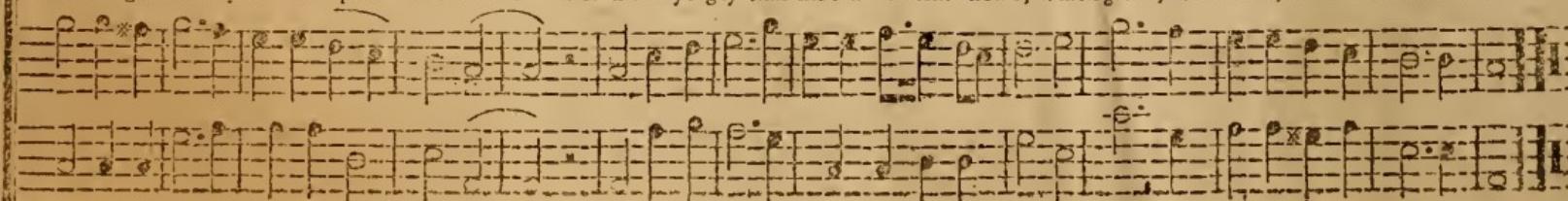
mortal eye can bear the sight,



Sav'd from the ocean and tempest'ous skies, Reduc'd to dust, here youth and vigour lies; Dire scenes I saw, on Boston's hoist'rous shore;



Distressing scenes myself a part have bore: Learn this ye gay that life's a transient flow'r, Which grows, and blooms, and withers in an hour.

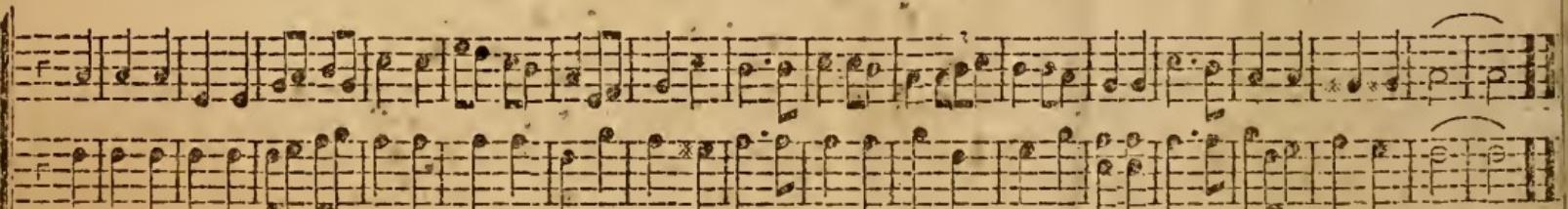
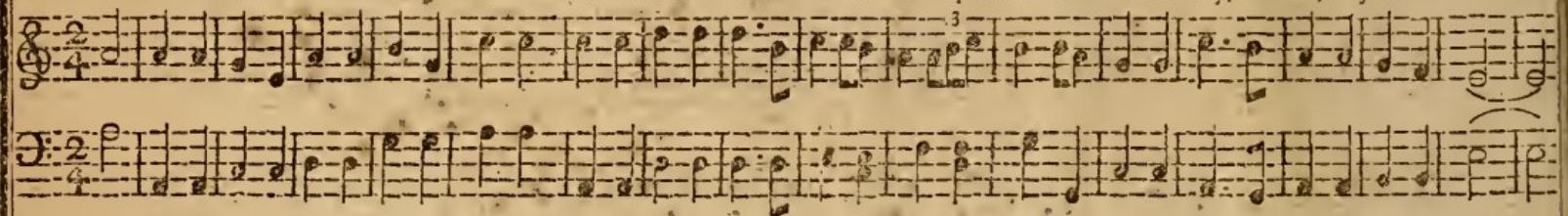


Salvation ! Oh, the joyful sound ! 'Tis pleasure to our ears; A sovereign balm

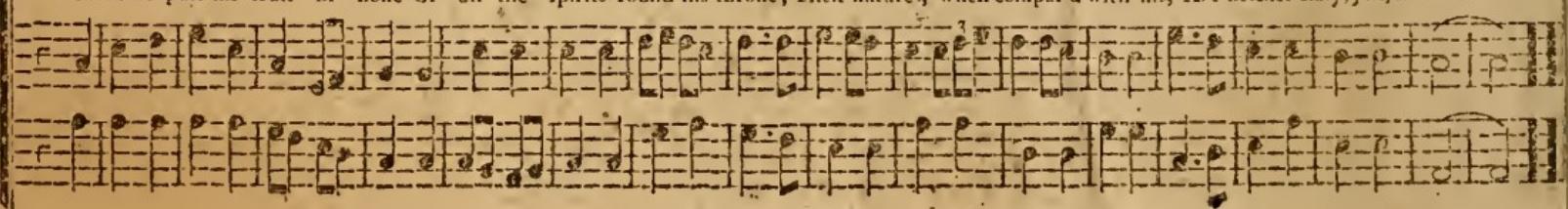
for ev'ry wound, A sovereign balm for ev'ry wound, A cordial for our fears.



Shall the vile race of flesh and blood Contend with their Creator God? Shall mortal worms presume to be More holy, wise, or just than he?



Behold he puts his trust in none Of all the spirits round his throne; Their natures, when compar'd with his, Are neither holy, just, nor wise.



Brimfield.

P. M.

AIR.

Throughout the Saviour's life we trace
No period else is seen; Tasting, in soul, a painful hell,
Nothing but shame and deep disgrace, Till he a spotless victim fell,
Caus'd by the creature's sin.

Williamstown..

P. M.

BELKNAP.

Almighty King of heaven above,

And Lord of all below,

Permit thy suppliants to draw near,

AIR

Eternal source of truth and love, With rev'rence and religious fear, And at thy feet to bow.

New Framingham.

L. M.

AIR.

PIA

Awake our souls, away our fears; Let every trembling thought begone; Awake, and run the

For

heav'nly race, And put a cheerful courage on: Awake, and run the heav'nly race, And put a cheerful courage on.

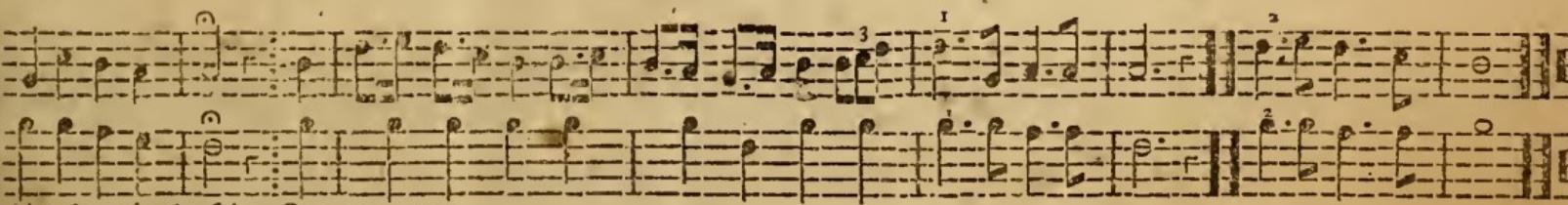
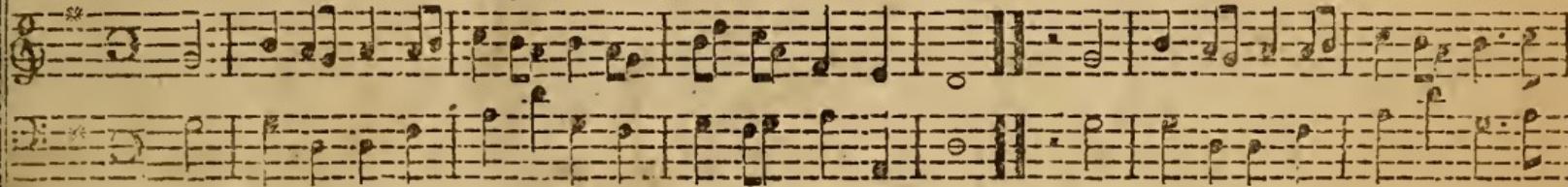
Morning. C. M.

HOLDEN.

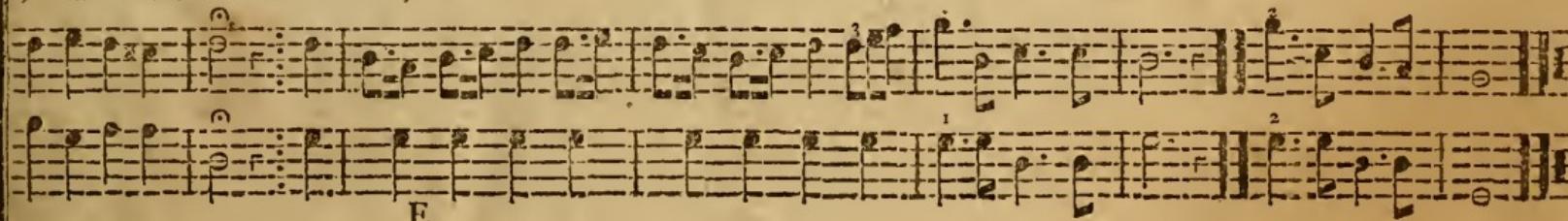
33



Once more, my soul, the rising day Salutes thy waking eyes; Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay To



him that rules the skies. Once more, &c.



A Funeral Anthem.

E. GOFF.

Write from henceforth, write from henceforth, write

I heard a voice from heav'n saying unto me saying unto me, write from henceforth, write from henceforth, write, write

Blessed are the dead, blessed are the dead,

Blessed are the dead, Blessed are the dead, Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord.

Soft.

Loud.

Soft.

Loud.

Even so, Even, so saith the spirit, For they rest, For they rest, For they rest, for they

For they rest, &c.

Soft.

Loud.

rest from their labours and their works do follow them, their works do follow them. And their works do follow them.

pia.

'Tis finish'd ! so the Saviour cry'd, And meekly bow'd his head and dy'd. 'Tis finish'd ; yes, the

'race is run. The battle's fought, the vict'ry won. 'Tis finish'd ; yes, the race is run, The battle's fought, the vict'ry won.

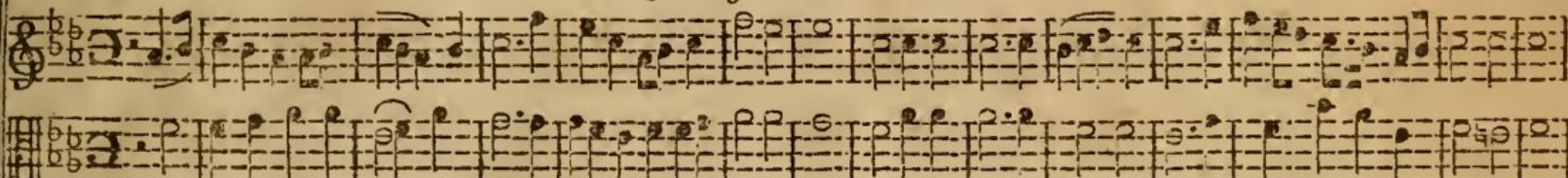
For.

'race is run. The battle's fought, the vict'ry won. 'Tis finish'd ; yes, the race is run, The battle's fought, the vict'ry won.

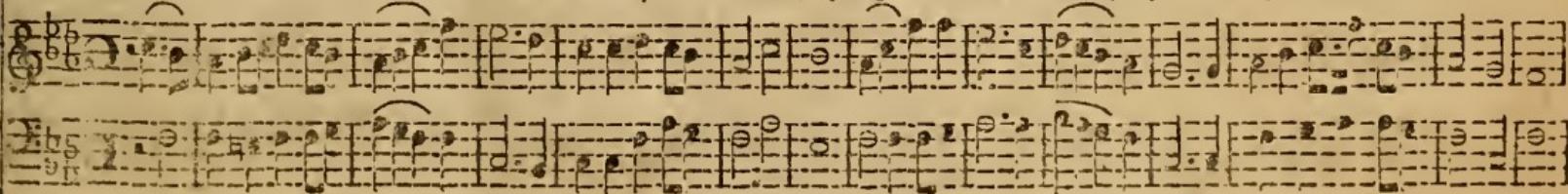
Springfield. L. M.

BELKNAP

37



Lord, I am vile conceiv'd in sin, And born unholy and unclean; Sprung from the man whose guilty fall Corrupts the race and taints us all.



No bleeding bird nor bleeding beast, Nor hyssop branch nor sprinkling priest, Nor running brook, nor flood nor sea, Can wash the dismal stains away.



Great King in Zion, Lord of all, We bow before thy face ; With grief we own our follies past, With grief, &c. And seek thy pard'ning grace.

With grief, &c.

With grief, &c.

2 While we invoke thine awful name
In this appointed rite,
May love divine inspire our songs,
And fill our soul's with light.

3 Near to thy seat would we approach,
And find acceptance there.
Jesus, by thy own sacrifice,
Present our ardent prayer.

4 A grateful tribute, Lord, inspire,
For all thy mercies past :
Let goodness crown each future day,
While months and years shall last.

5 Before thy throne, great God, we bring
Our highly favour'd land
Be thou our never failing friend,
And guide us by thine hand.

Praise. L. M.

39

AIR. Praise ye the Lord, let praise employ,

The spacious firmament around

In his own courts your songs of joy,

Shall echo back the joyful sound.

Recount his works in strains divine,

Praise him for all his mighty deeds,

His wondrous works, how bright they shine !

Whose greatness all your praise exceeds.

Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands, Ye tribes of every tongue, His new discover'd grace demands A new and nobler

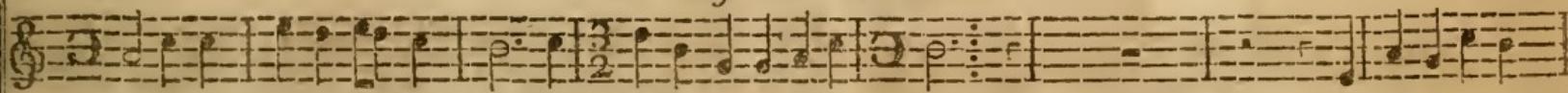
new, &c. His new, &c.

song. His new discover'd grace demands A new, A new and nobler song.

Windsor. L. M.

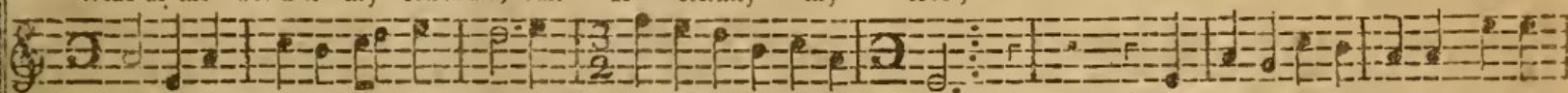
WEST.

41



Wide as the world is thy command, Vast as eternity thy love;

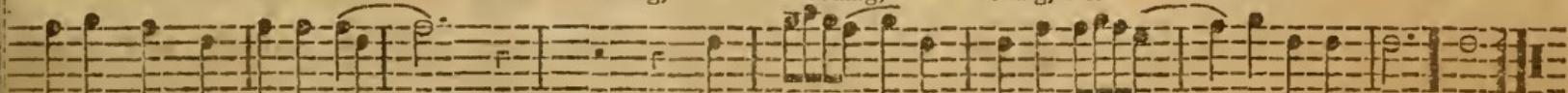
Fifth



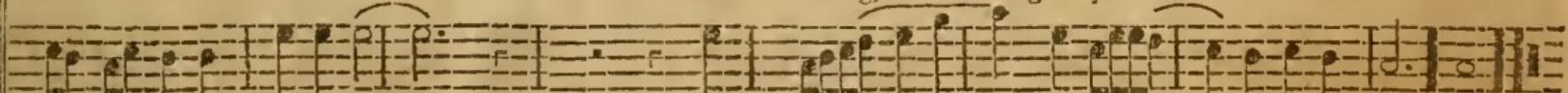
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand, When rolling



When rolling, rolling, rolling, &c.



When rolling, rolling years shall cease to move.



Thy lips with blessings overflow, Thy lips, &c.

My Saviour and my King, Thy beauties are divine, Thy lips with blessings overflow, Thy lips, &c. And

Thy lips with blessings overflow, And every grace is thine.

Thy lips, &c.

every grace is thine. And every grace is thine. And every grace is thine.

Thy lips, &c.

Devotion.

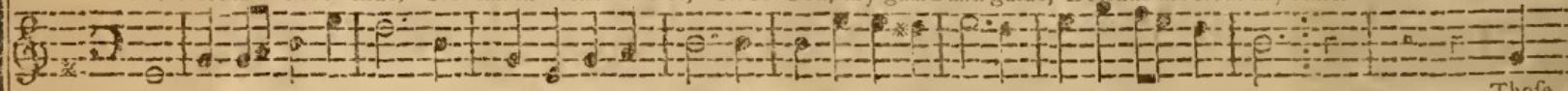
L. M.

43

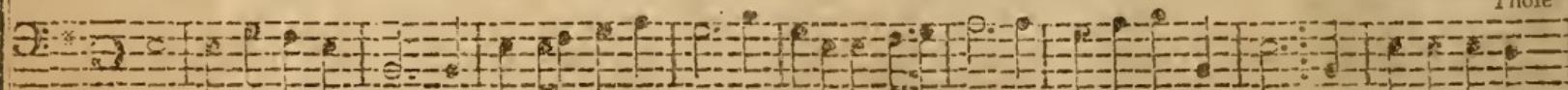
Sweet is the day of sacred rest, No mortal cares shall seize my breast.
O may my heart in tune be found, Like David's harp of
O may my heart in tune be found,
O may my heart, &c.
solemn found. O may my heart, &c. O may, &c. Like David's harp, &c.
O may, &c.
O may, &c.



My feet shall never slide, Nor fall in fatal snares, Since God, my guard and guide, Defends me from my fears.

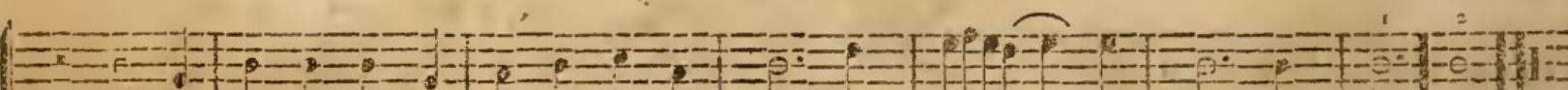


Those

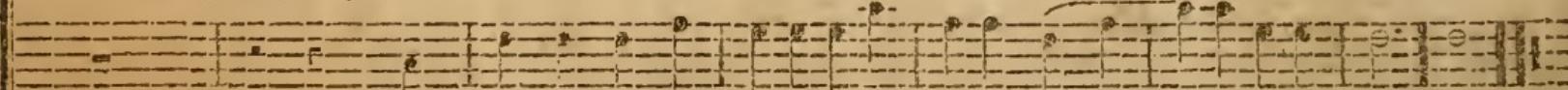


Those wakeful eyes That

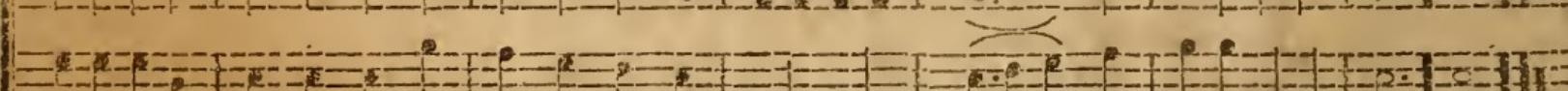
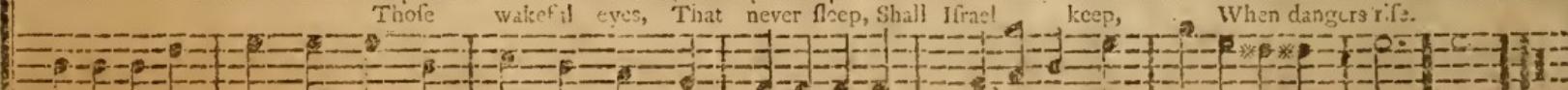
Those wakeful eyes, &c.



Those wakeful eyes, That never sleep, Shall Israel keep, When danger rises.



never sleep, That never sleep, Those wakeful eyes, &c.



Till

Far be thine honour spread, And long thy praise endure,

Till morning, &c.

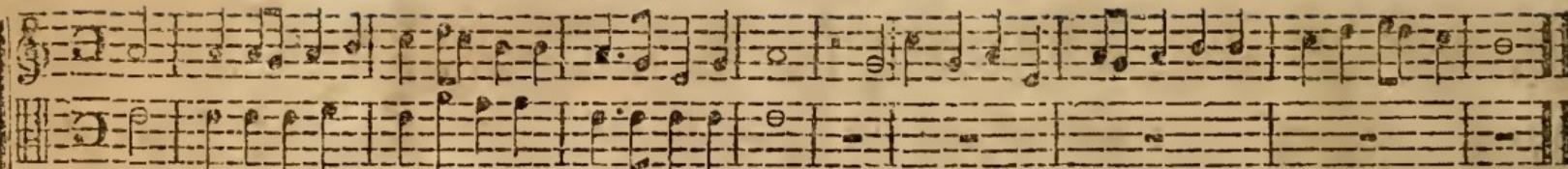
Till morning, &c.

Till morning light and evening shade, Till, &c.

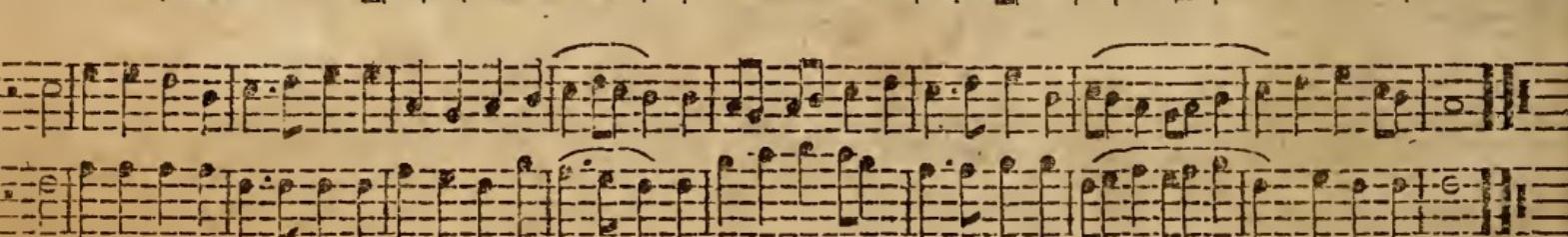
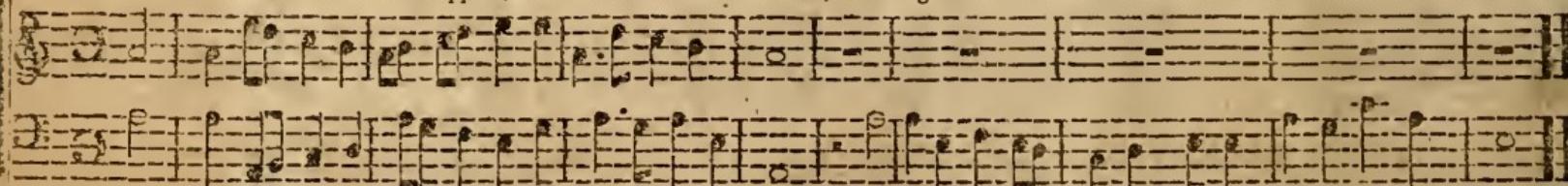
morning light and evening shade, Till, &c.

Shall be exchang'd no more.

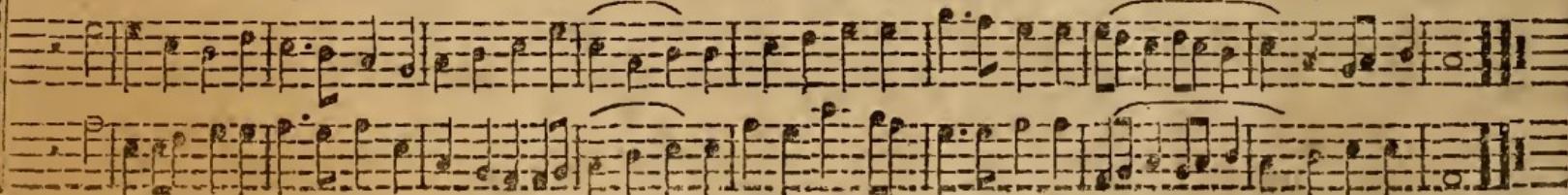
Shall be exchang'd no more, Shall be, &c.



With reverence let the saints appear, And bow before the Lord ; His high commands with reverence hear, And tremble at his word.



Thy words the raging winds control, And rule the boisterous deep, Thou mak'st the sleeping billows roll, The rolling billows sleep.

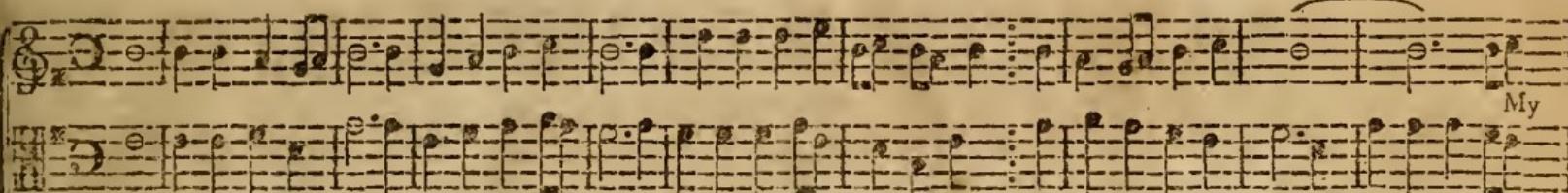


Evening Shade.

S. M.

TROOP.

47



gone. My threescore

gone. M, threescore, &c.

1. 2.

Paradise. H. M.

E. GOFF.



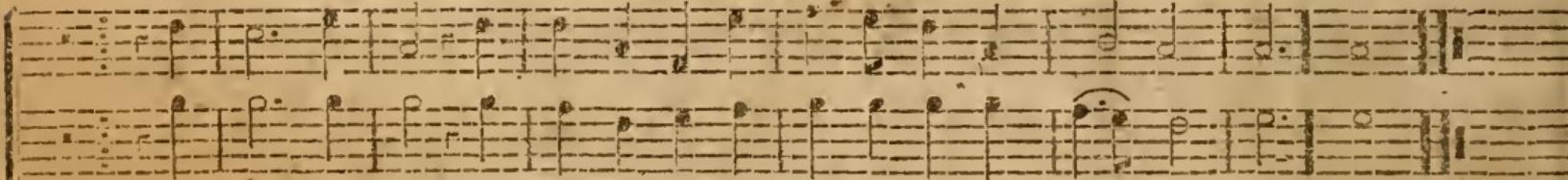
And can this mighty King Of glory condescend, And will he write his name My Father and my Friend!



Pia.

For.

1 2



I love his name. I love his word, Join all my powers To praise the Lord.



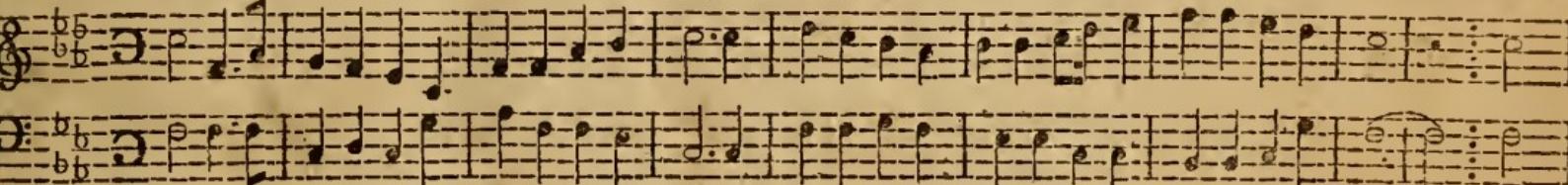
Canaan.

S. M.

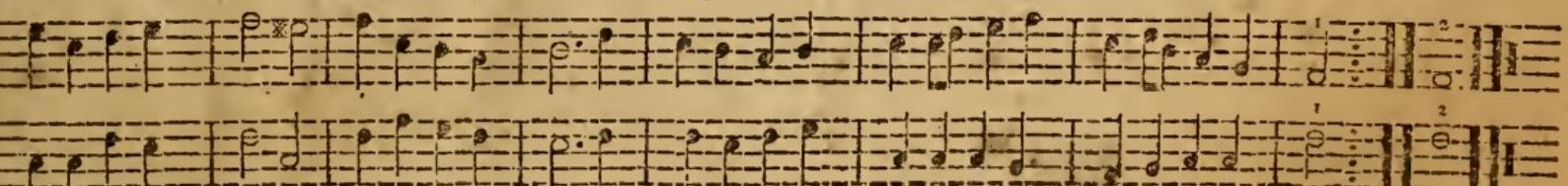
HALL.

49

The pity of the Lord To those that fear his name, Is such as tender parents feel: He knows our feeble frame. He



knows we are but dust, Scatter'd with ev'ry breath: His anger, like a rising wind, Can send us swift to death.

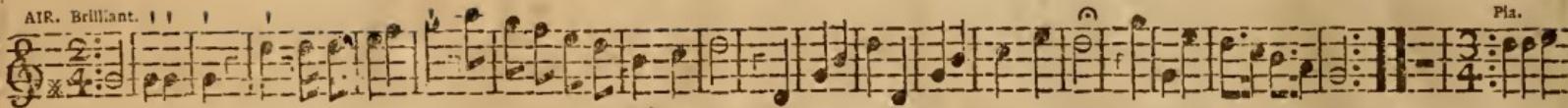


Anthem.

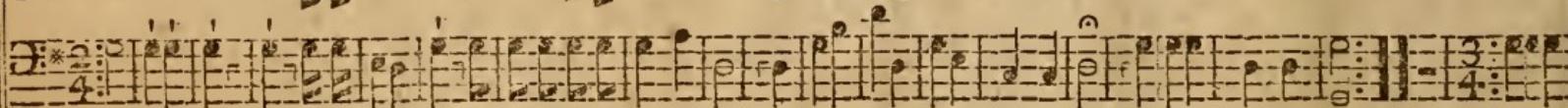
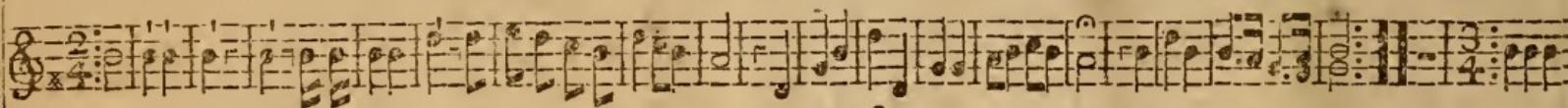
Sung at the Dedication of Sterling Meeting-House, (Massachusetts.)
Lines by P. CLEAVELAND, A. B. Music by BROWN.

AIR. Brilliant.

Pla.



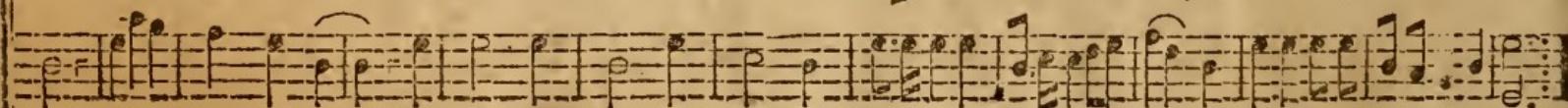
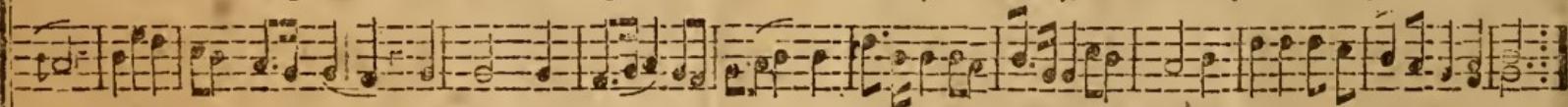
Hail, glorious day, hail, the assembled throng, To dedicate this sacred dome; From ev'ry heart let grateful incense rise, Before Jehovah's throne. Angels, de-



Tut.



scend, touch each vibrating heart, And on the golden wire of melody, of melody, Conduct our praises to the palace of our God.



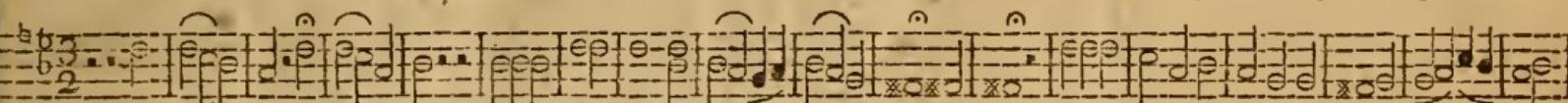
Anthem Continued.

51

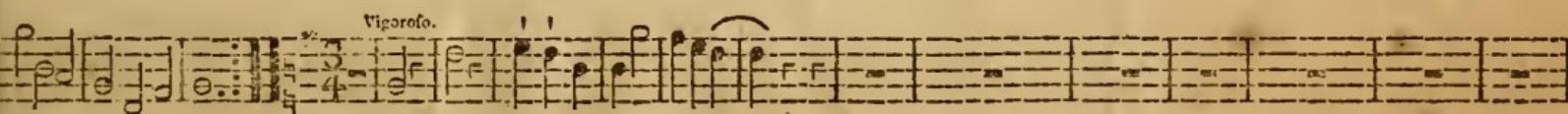
Affetuoso.



O God of love, O God of love, shine with celestial rays of truth divine on pilgrim souls; Grant us a convoy of consoling love, To guide us to the

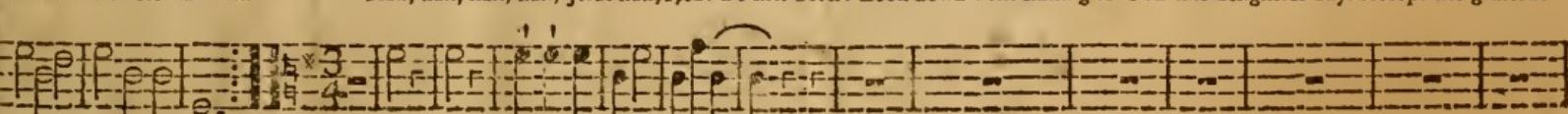


Vigoresto.



mansions of eternal bliss.

Hail, hail, hail, hail, Jesus hail, Heav'n's first-born! Look down with smiling love on this delightful day. Accept the grateful



Anthem Continued.

Tutt.

Gently. One voice.

homage of our souls. For thee we built, to thee we dedicate this temple, to thee we dedicate this temple.

Here may the humble.

Tutt.

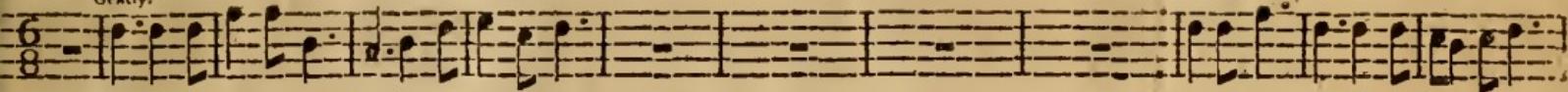
Fortissimo.

soul repair, And catch the melting sounds of gospel truth. Here shall the infidel hear his doom, And tremble as he hears. While loud re-echos the Almighty's praise.

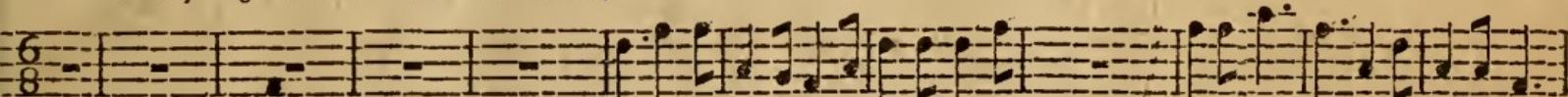
Anthem Continued.

53

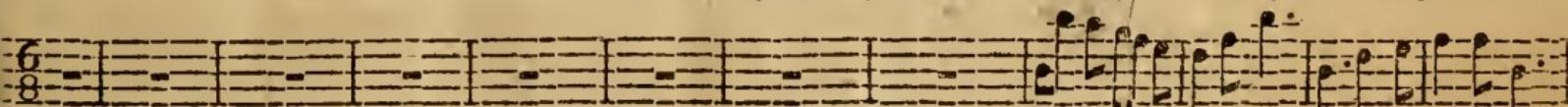
Gently.



From ev'ry aged mouth shall virtue's anthem flow;

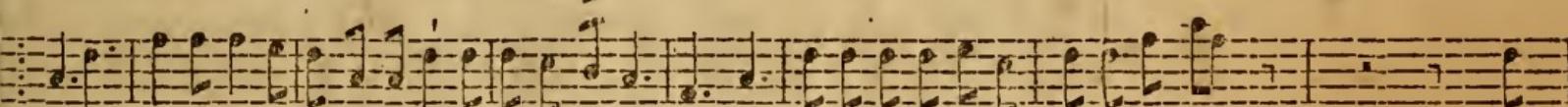
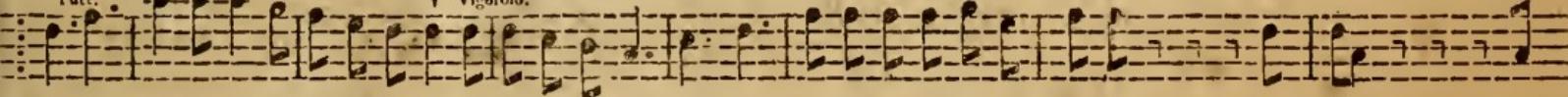


Each infant tongue shall lisp a hallelujah; hallelujah, hallelujah, to his parent's God.



Tut.

Vigoroso.



Rise, rise, rise, ye souls, harmonious, Strike the heav'n-strung lyre of praise, Join in melodious concert, and chant, and chant, and



Anthem Continued.

chant eternal hallelujahs, hallelujahs, hallelujahs, and chant eternal hallelujahs to the Lord.
hallelujahs, hallelujahs, hallelujahs, hallelujahs, hallelujahs,

A View of the Temple---a Masonic Ode.

BELKNAP.

Sacred to heav'n, behold the dome appears; Lo, what august solemnity it wears; Angels themselves have deign'd to deck the frame, And beauteous

Ode Continued.

55

Sheba shall report its fame. When the queen of the South shall return, To the climes which acknowledge her sway, Where the sun's warmer beams fiercely

Pia.

burn, The prince with transport shall say, Well worthy my journey, I've seen A monarch, both graceful and wise, Deserving the love of a queen, And a temple well worthy the

For.

skies.

Open, ye gates, receive a queen who shares, With equal sense your happiness and cares, Of riches much, but more of wisdom, see, Proportion'd workmanship in me.

Ode Continued.

Pia.

O, charming Sheba, there behold What massy stores of burnish'd gold, Yet richer is our art, Yet richer is our art: Wisdom and beauty both combine, Our

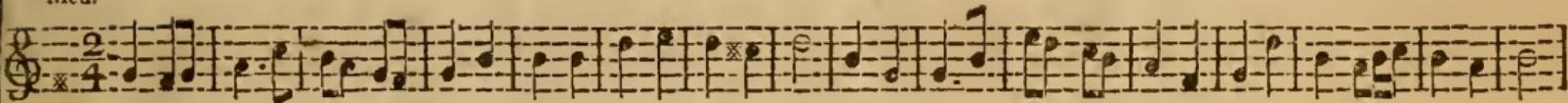
Pia.

art to raise, our hearts to join. Wisdom and beauty both combine, Our art to raise, our hearts to join. Give to Masonry the prize; Where the fairest choose the wife: Beauty still should wisdom love,

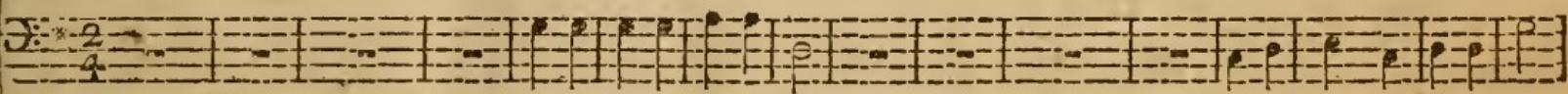
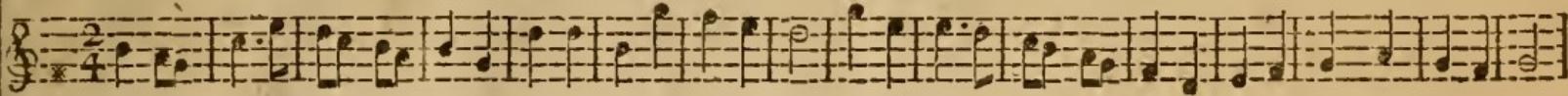
Cres.

Beauty and order reign above. Beauty and order reign above. Beauty and order reign above.

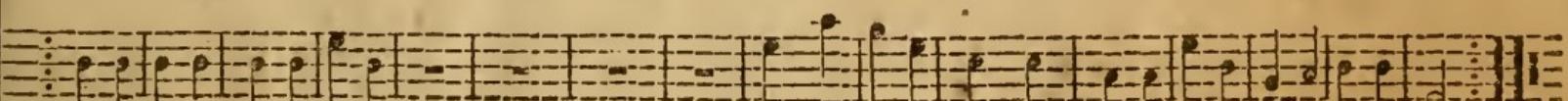
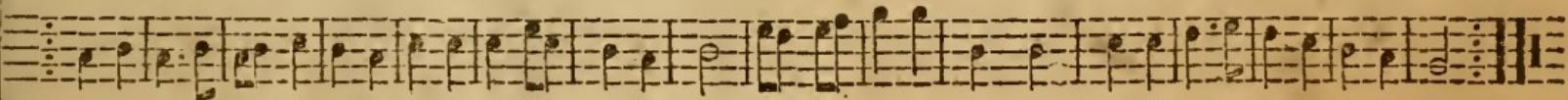
Mod.



Hail, thou once despised Jesus ! Thou didst free salvation bring; By thy death, thou didst release us From the tyrant's deadly sting.



Hail, thou agonizing Saviour ! Thou didst bear our sin and shame: By thy merit we find favour; Life is given through thy name.



I hear a voice of woe! I hear a brother's sigh! Then let my heart with pity flow, With tears of love mine eye.

1st. TREBLE.

I hear the thirsty cry! The hungry beg for bread! Then let my spring its stream supply, My hand its bounty shed.

2d. TREBLE.

Sweet is the work, my God my King, To praise thy name give thanks and sing, To shew thy love by morning light, And talk of all thy truths at night. To shew thy love, &c.

Sweet is the work, my God my King, To praise thy name give thanks and sing, To shew thy love by morning light, And talk of all thy truths at night. To shew thy love, &c.

Roxbury. S. M.

BELKNAP.

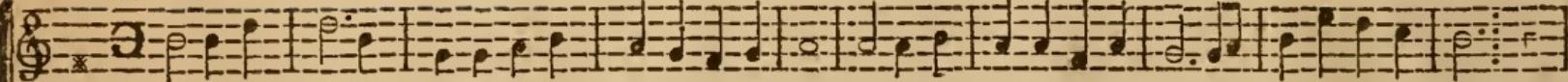
My sorrows, like a flood, Impatient of restraint, Into thy bosom, O my God, Pour out a long complaint.

My sorrows, like a flood, Impatient of restraint, Into thy bosom, O my God, Pour out a long complaint.

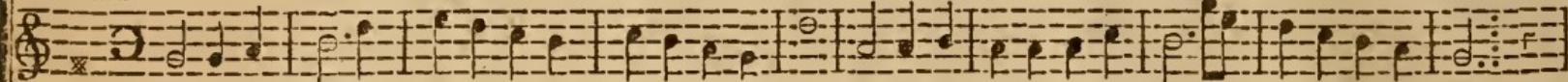
Mod.

Pia.

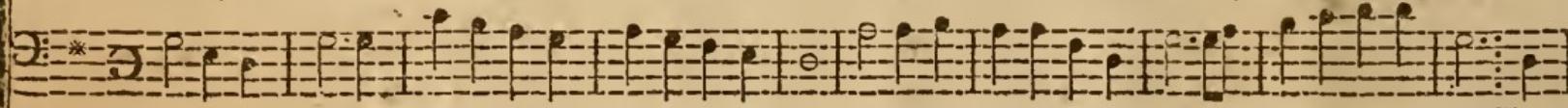
For.



AIR.

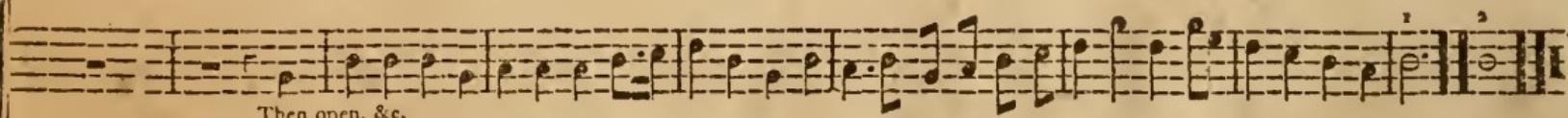


This day is God's, let all the land Exalt their cheerful voice : Lord, we beseech thee, save us now, And make us still rejoice.

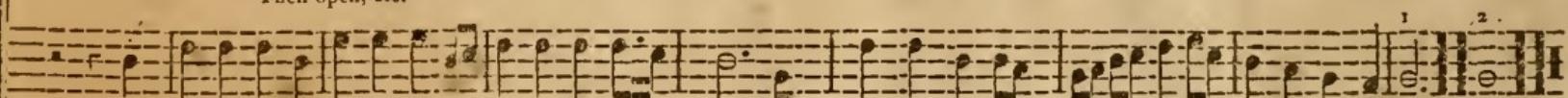


Then

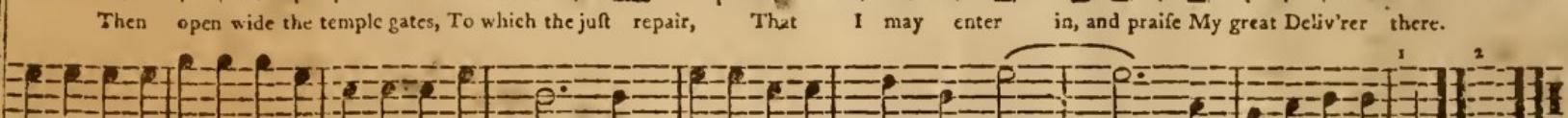
Then open, &c.



Then open wide the temple gates, To which the just repair, That I may enter in, and praise My great Deliv'rer there.



open wide, &c.



Pia.

For.

Nuw for a tune of lofty praise, To great Jehovah's equal Son; Awake my voice in heav'ly lays, Tell the loud wonders he hath done.

Pia.

Tell the loud wunders he hath done. Sing how he left the worlds of light, And the bright robes he wore above; How

Norfolk Continued.

For.

6 8
6 8

swift and joyful was his flight On wings of everlasting love, How swift, &c.

6 8
6 8

Holliston. S. M.

BELKNAP.

Loud to, &c.

Your harps, ye trembling saints, Down from the willows take,

Loud to the praise of Christ our Lord Bid

evry

string awake.

Loud to, &c.

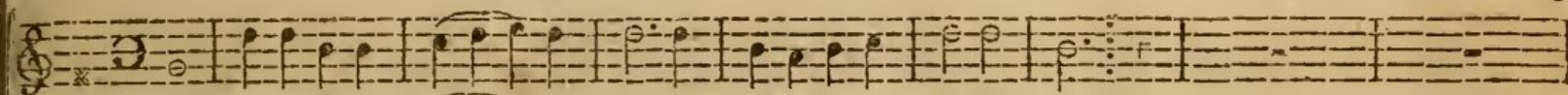
Loud to, &c.

Bid evry, &c.

Blue Hill. L. M.

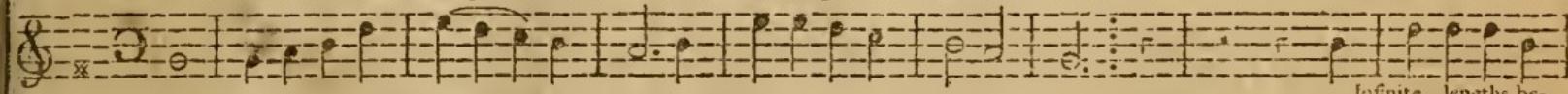
BELKNAP.

63

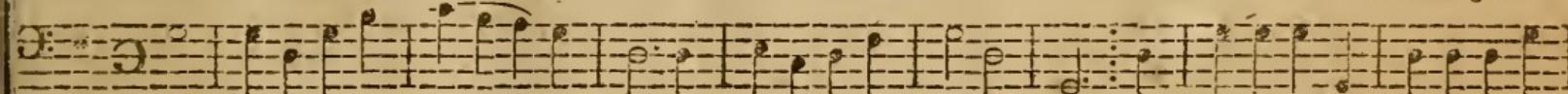


Eternal Pow'r, whose high abode Becomes the grandeur of a God;

In-

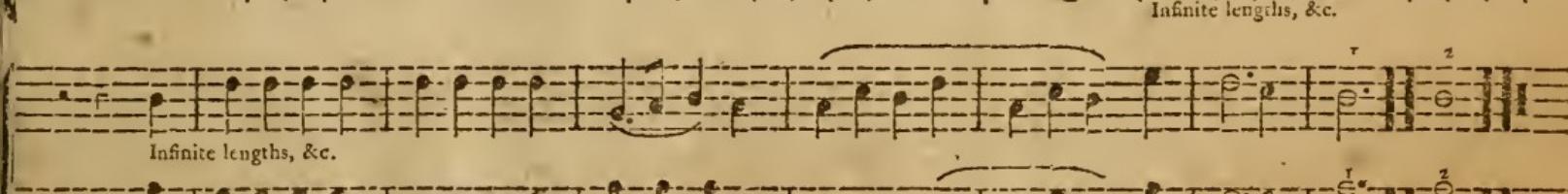


Infinite lengths be-

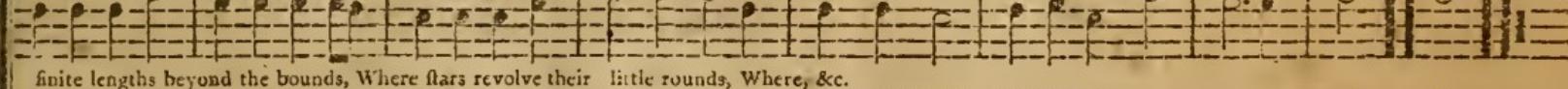


Infinite lengths, &c.

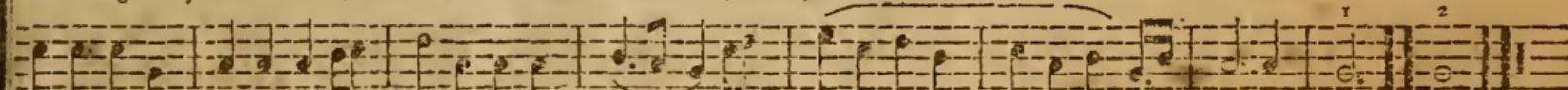
Infinite lengths, &c.



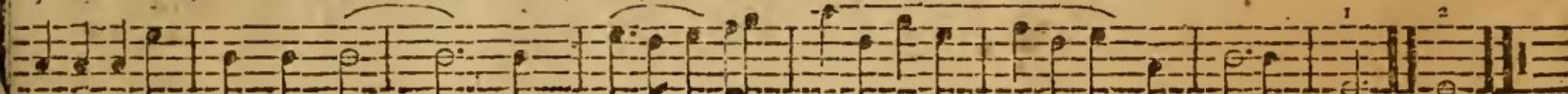
finite lengths beyond the bounds, Where stars revolve their little rounds, Where, &c.

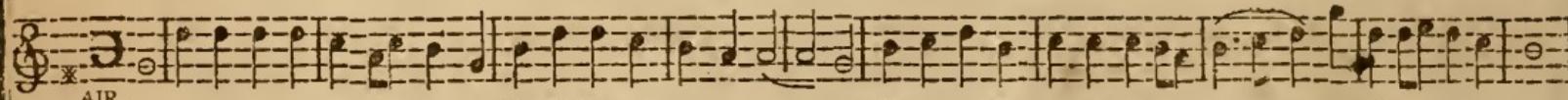


yond the bounds, Where stars revolve their little rounds, Where, &c.

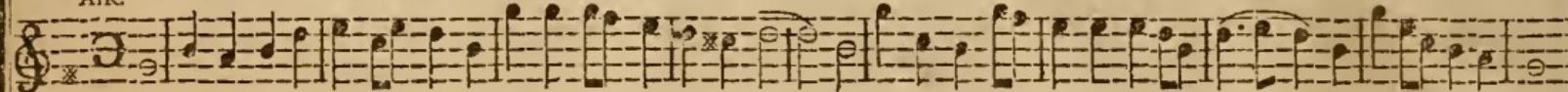


1 2

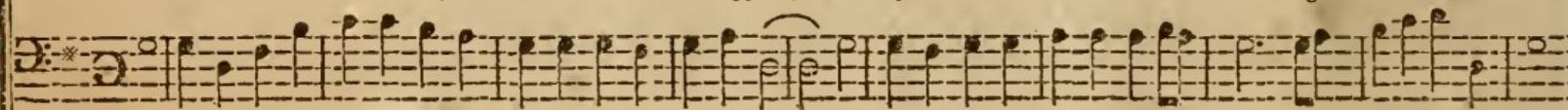




AIR.

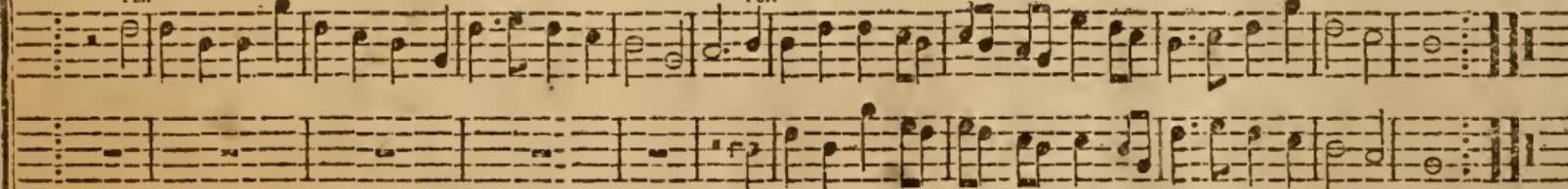


Not to condemn the sons of men, Did Christ the Son of God appear; No weapons in his hands are seen, No flaming sword nor thunder there.

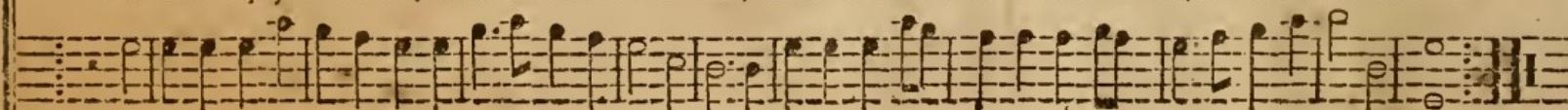


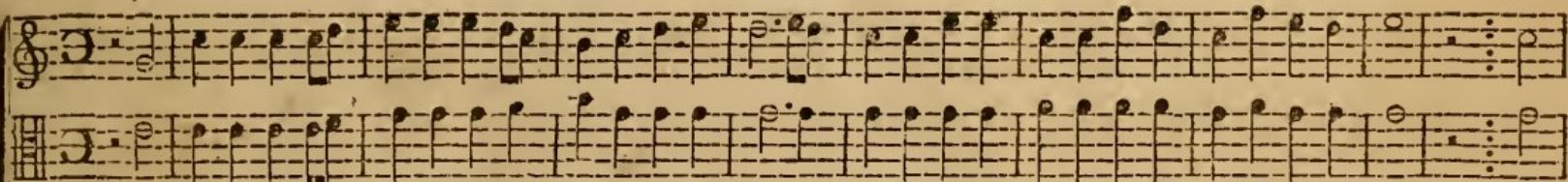
Pia.

For.

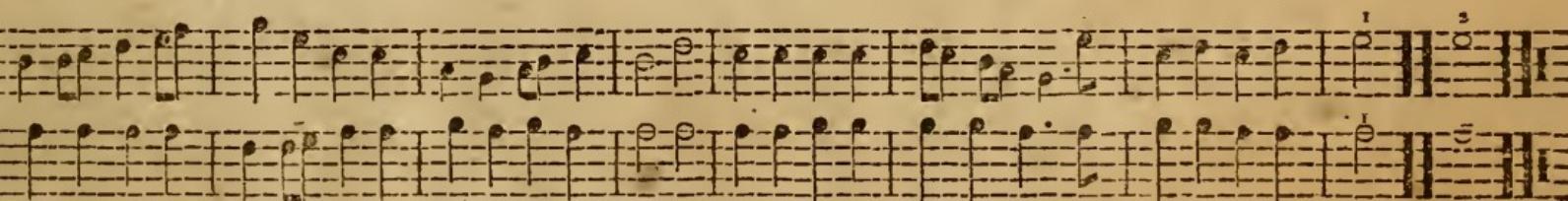
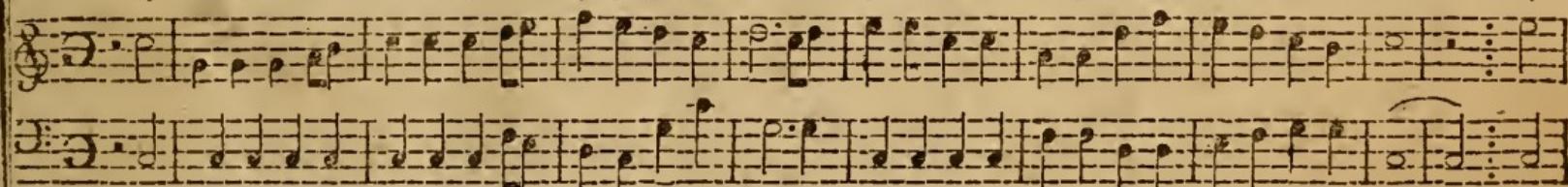


Such was the pity of our God, He lov'd the race of man so well; He sent his Son to bear our load Of sins, and save our souls from hell.

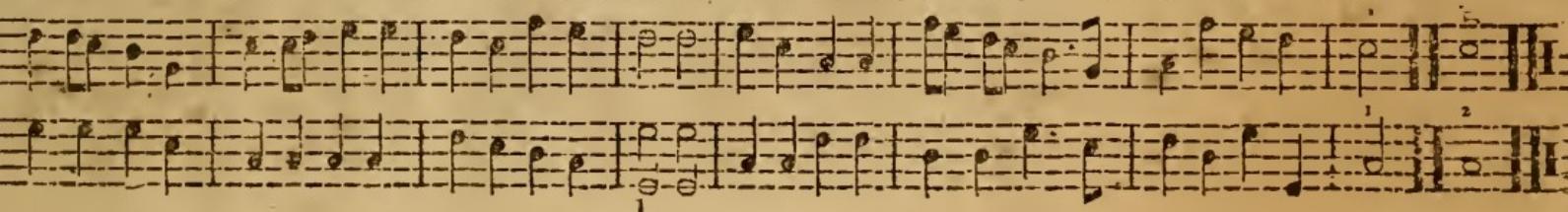


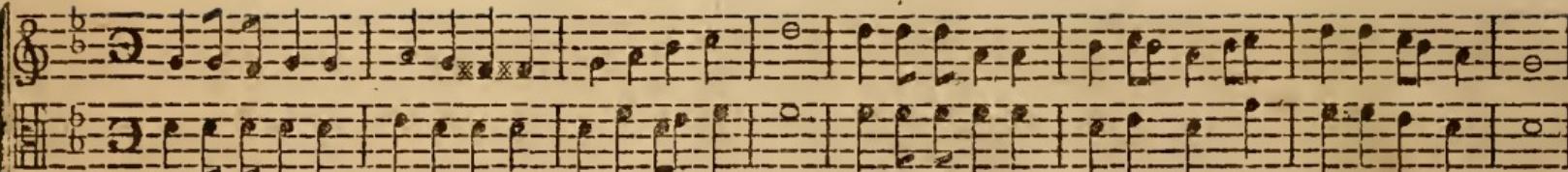


My Saviour God, no voice but thine These dying hopes can raise, Speak thy salvation to my soul, And turn these tears to praise. My

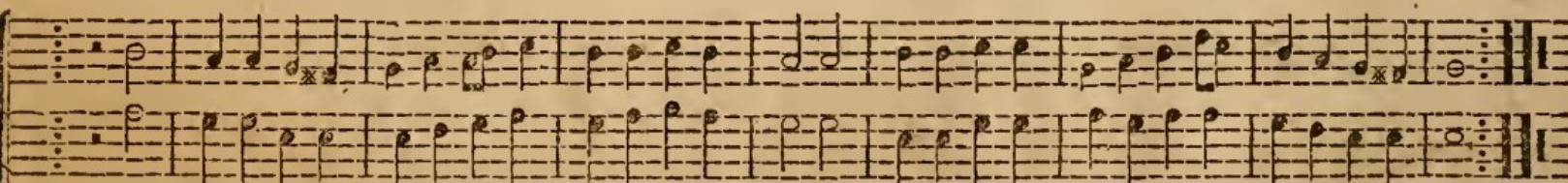


Saviour God, this broken voice Transported shall proclaim, And call on all th' angelic harps To found so sweet a name.

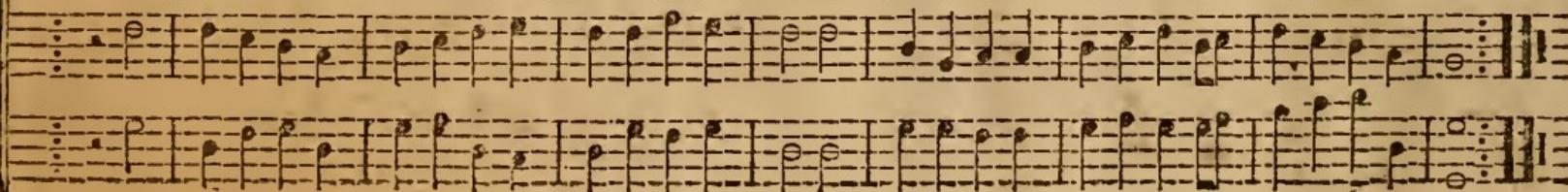




Not from the dust affliction grows, Nor troubles rise by chance; Yet we are born to cares and woes, A sad inheritance.



As sparks break out from burning coals, And still are upwards borne, So grief is rooted in our souls, And man grows up to mourn.

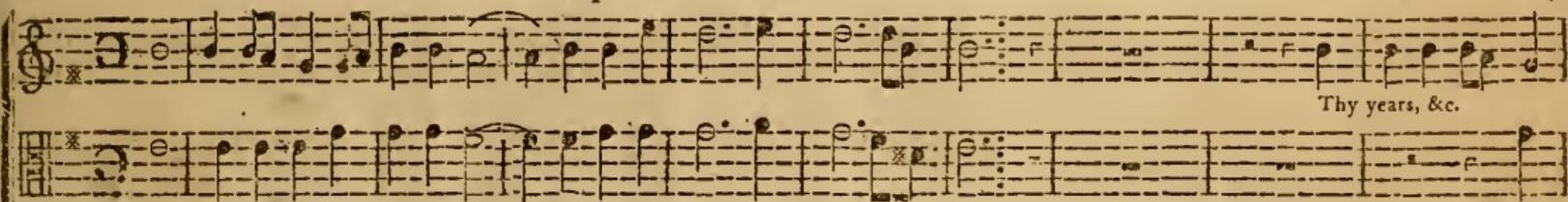


Complaint.

L. M.

PARMENTER.

67



Spare us, O Lord, aloud we cry, Nor let our sun go down at noon:

Thy

A continuation of the musical score. The top voice continues the soprano part, and the bottom voice continues the alto part. The lyrics "Thy years, &c." appear again. The vocal parts are separated by a vertical bar line.

Thy years, &c.

Thy years, &c.,

A continuation of the musical score. The top voice continues the soprano part, and the bottom voice continues the alto part. The lyrics "years are one eternal day, Thy years are one eternal day, And must thy children die so soon." are sung. The vocal parts are separated by a vertical bar line.

years are one eternal day, Thy years are one eternal day, And must thy children die so soon.

1 2

A continuation of the musical score. The top voice continues the soprano part, and the bottom voice continues the alto part. The lyrics "years are one eternal day, Thy years are one eternal day, And must thy children die so soon." are sung again. The vocal parts are separated by a vertical bar line.

1 2

Aurora veils her lovely face When brighter Phœbe takes her place; So glad will grace re-

For.

sign her room, To glory, in the heav'ly home. To, &c.

Acton.

L. M.

BELKNAP.

69

Farewell, bright soul, a short farewell, 'Till we shall meet again above, In the sweet groves where pleasures dwell, In the sweet groves where pleasures dwell, And trees of life bear fruits of love.

Winter.

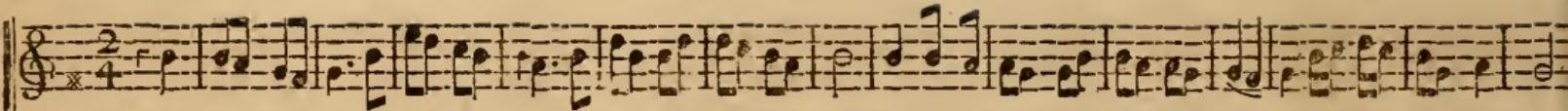
L. M.

BELKNAP.

Pia.

For.

Now clouds the wintry skies deform, In sullen vengeance roars the storm; The snow which from yon mountain fails, The snow which from yon mountain fails, Loads leafless trees, and fills the vales.

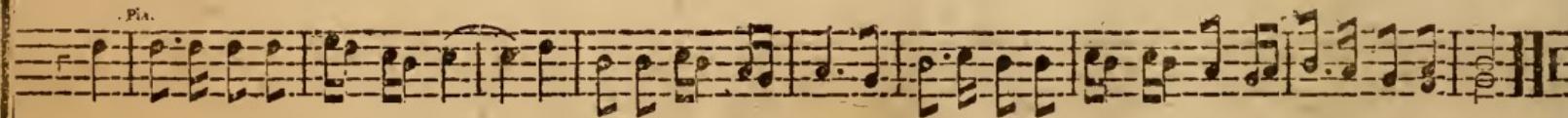


When verdure clothes the fertile vale, And blossoms deck the spray, And fragrance breathes in ev'ry gale, How sweet the vernal day.

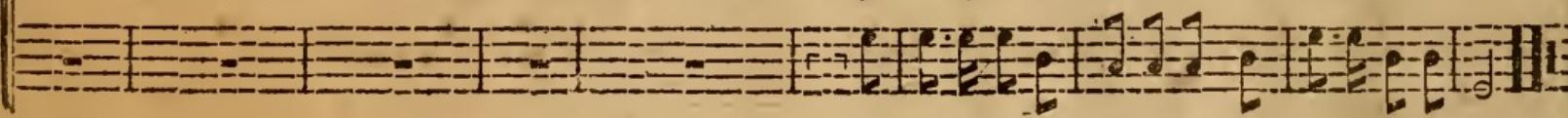
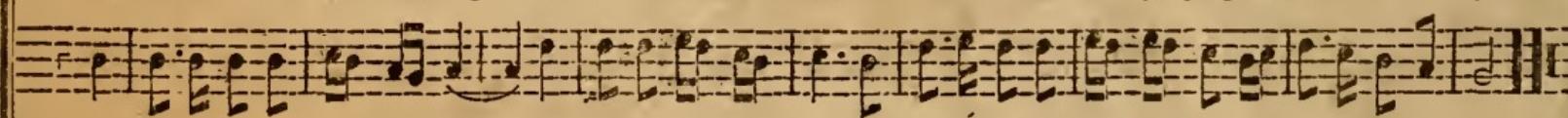
AIR.



PIA.



Hark, how the feather'd warblers sing! 'Tis nature's cheerful voice; Soft music hails the lovely spring, And woods and fields rejoice.



Southborough. L. M.

BELKNAP.

71

See where he sits, See where he sits to

See where he languish'd on the cross; Beneath my sins he groan'd and dy'd:

See where he sits to

See' where, &c.

See where, &c.

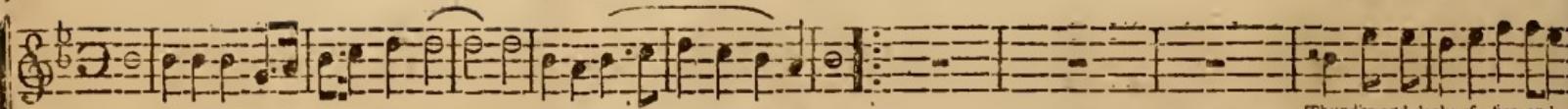
See where he sits to plead my cause, See where, &c.

plead my cause, By his Almighty Father's side.

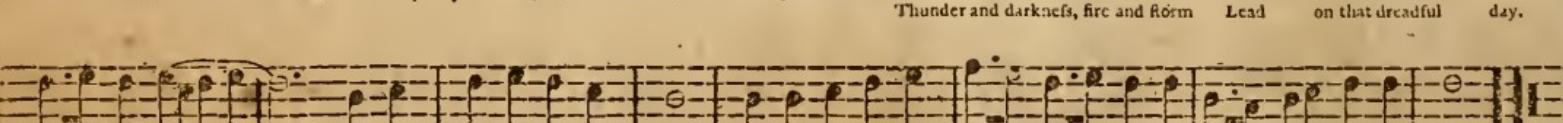
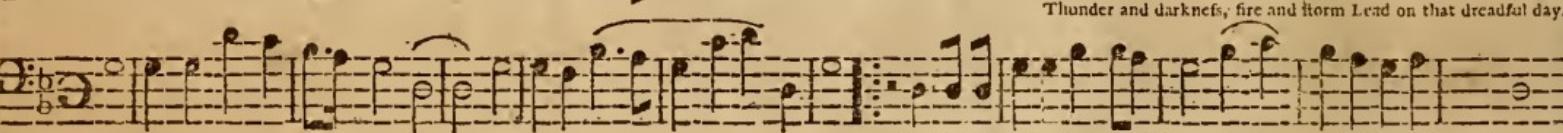
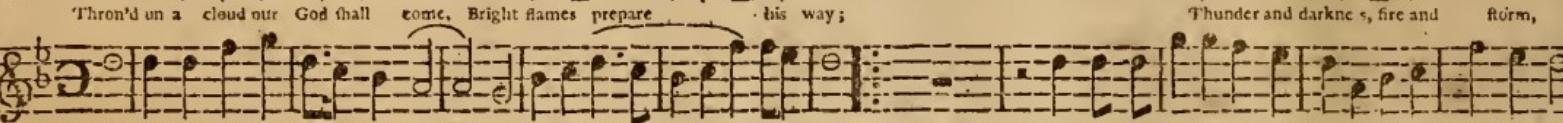
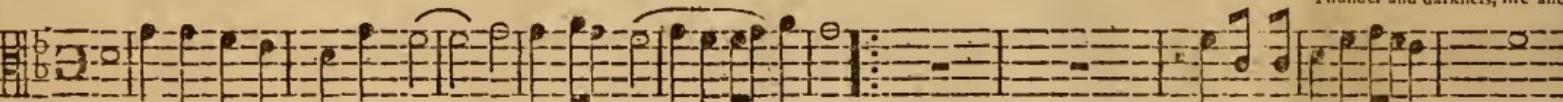
plead my cause, By his Almighty Father's side. By his Almighty Father's side.

By his Almighty Father's side.

By his Almighty Father's side.



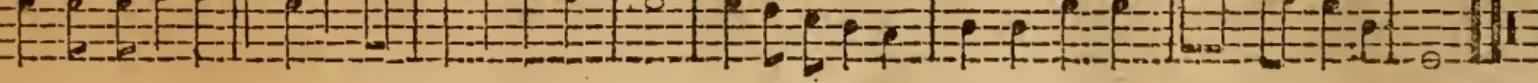
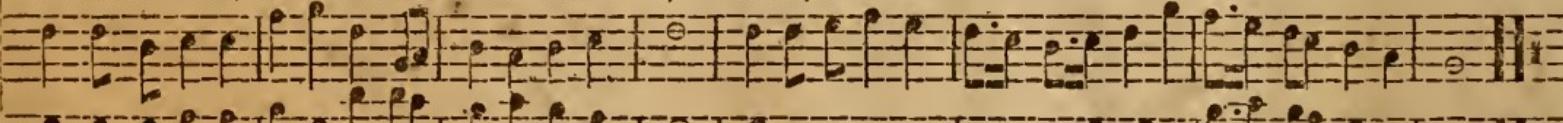
Thunder and darkness, fire and



storm.

Lead on that dreadful day.

Thunder and darkness, fire and storm Lead on that dreadful day. Thunder, &c.



Spring. C. M.

BELKNAF.

73

He sends his word and melts the snow, The fields no longer mourn:

He calls, &c.

He calls the warmer gales to blow, He, &c.

calls the warmer gales to blow - - - - w,

And bids the spring return.

The swelling billows know their bound; And in their channels walk their round; Yet thence convey'd by secret veins, They spring on hills, and drench the plains.

Pia.

För.

From pleasant trees which shade the brink, The lark and linnet light to drink : Their songs the lark and linnet raise, And chide our silence in his praise.

Westborough.

C. M.

BELKNAT.

75



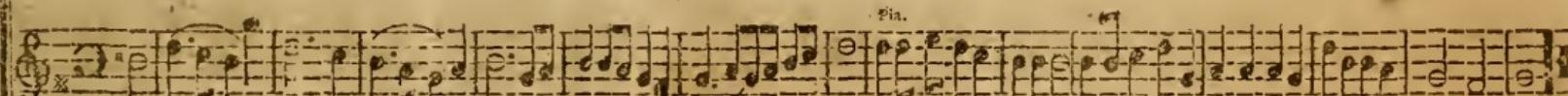
AIR.

A span is all that we can boast, How short the fleeting time? Man is but vanity and dust, Man is but vanity and dust, In all his flow'r and prime.

*New Bedford.*

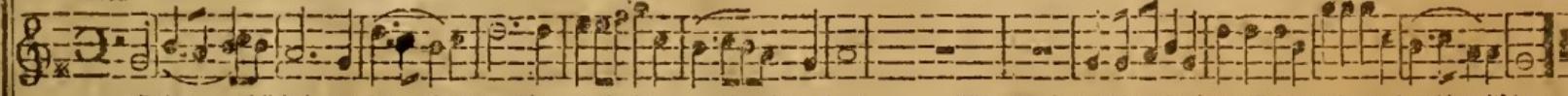
L. M.

Pia.

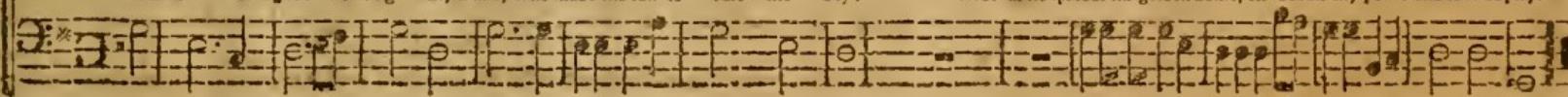


Wide as he spreads his golden flame,

AIR.



Father of light! we sing thy name, Who made the sun to rule the day: Wide as he spreads his golden flame, His beams thy pow'r and love display.



Carlisle. C. M.

BELKNAP.

Almighty love, &c.

Now shall my inward joys arise, And burst into a song:

Almighty love inspires my heart, And

Almighty love, &c.

Almighty love, &c.

-AI-

Almighty love, &c.

pleasure tunes my tongue.

Almighty love, &c.

Almighty love, &c.

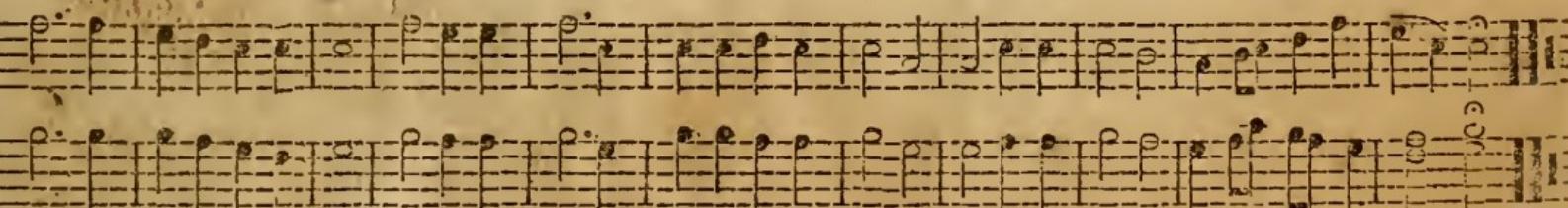
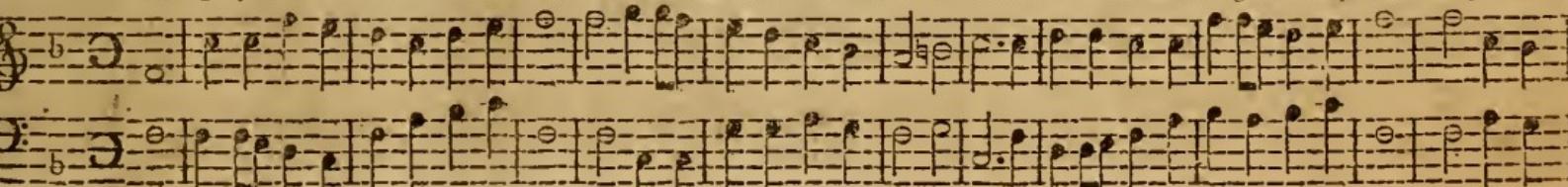
And pleasure, &c.

mighty love, &c.

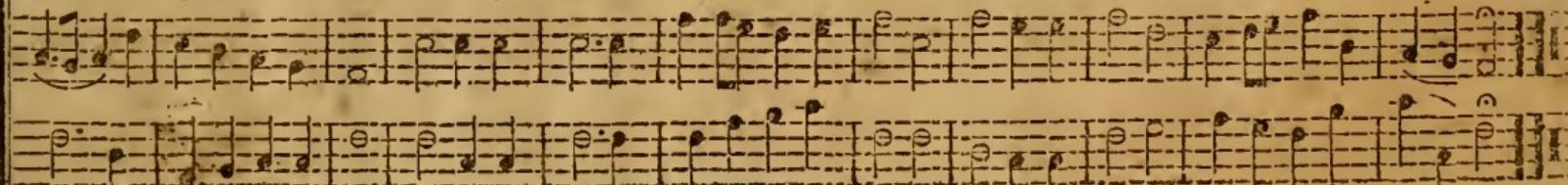
Almighty love. 46



The God of glory sends his summons forth, Calls the south nations, and awakes the north; From east to west the sov'reign orders spread, Through distant



worlds and regions of the dead. The trumpet sounds, hell trembles, heav'n rejoices; Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voices.



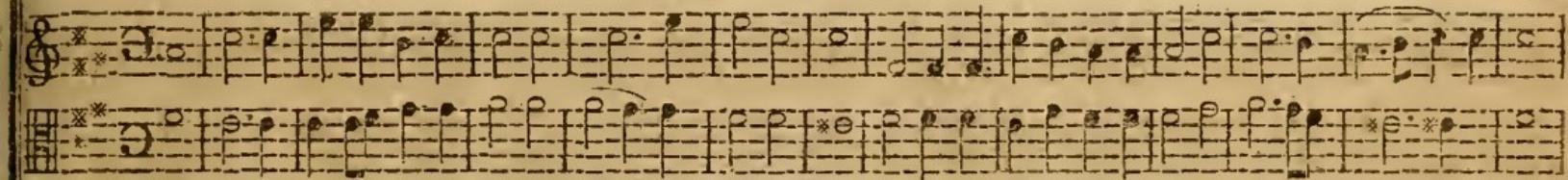
Life is a span, a fleeting hour, How soon the vapour flies! Man is a tender transient flow'r, That in the blooming dies.

Valediction. L. M.

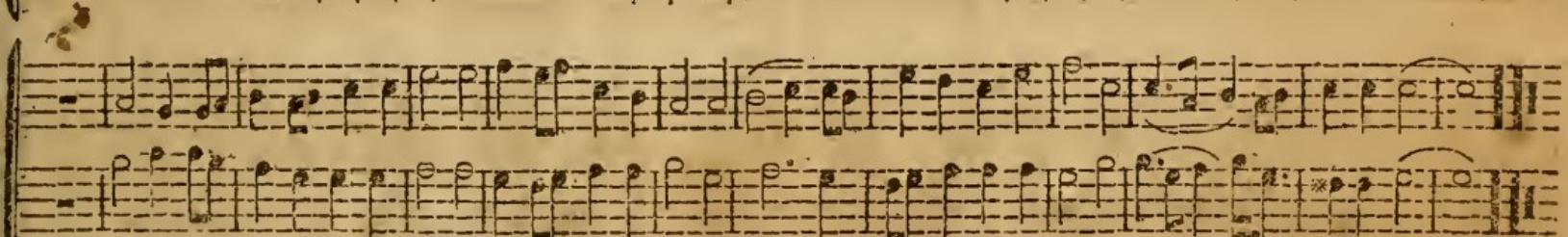
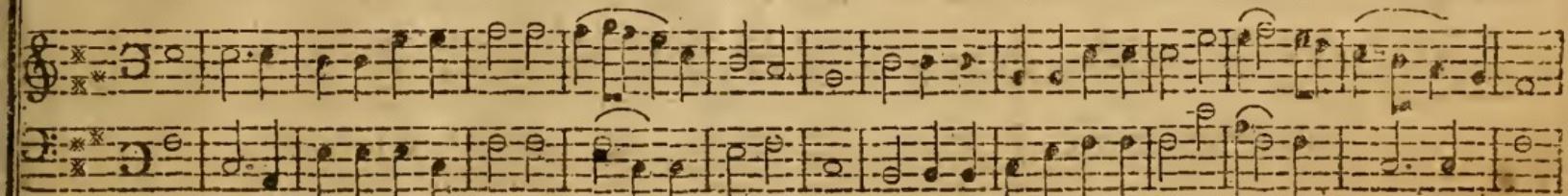
BELKNAP.

Farewell, my friends, I must be gone, I have no home nor stay with you;

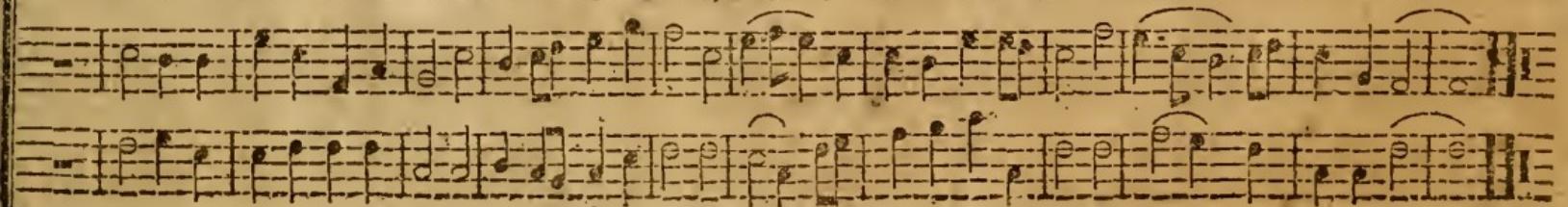
I'll take my staff and travel on, 'Till I a Letter world can view.



My soul, come meditate the day, And think how near it stands, When thou must quit this house of clay, And fly to unknown lands.



And you, mine eyes, look down and view The hollow gaping tomb, This gloomy prison waits for you, Whence'er the summons come,



Pia.

Cres.

A musical score for piano and organ. The top staff is for the piano (Pia.), featuring a treble clef and a common time signature. The bottom staff is for the organ (Cres.). The score consists of two measures. Measure 1 starts with eighth-note chords in both hands. Measure 2 begins with a forte dynamic (indicated by a large 'F') followed by eighth-note chords. The organ part includes dynamic markings '1' and '2' above the notes in measure 2.

Why do we mourn departing friends, Or shake at death's alarms ; 'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends, 'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends, To call them to his arms,

Hopkinton. L. M.

WOOD.

A musical score for piano and organ, continuing from the previous page. The top staff is for the piano, and the bottom staff is for the organ. The score consists of two measures. Measure 3 features eighth-note chords in the piano and sustained notes in the organ. Measure 4 continues with eighth-note chords in the piano and sustained notes in the organ.

Death, like an overflowing stream, Sweeps us away ; our life's a dream, An empty tale, a morning flow'r, Cut down and wither'd in an hour.

A musical score for piano and organ, continuing from the previous page. The top staff is for the piano, and the bottom staff is for the organ. The score consists of two measures. Measure 5 features eighth-note chords in the piano and sustained notes in the organ. Measure 6 continues with eighth-note chords in the piano and sustained notes in the organ.

Come hither, all ye weary souls, Ye heavy laden sinners, come; I'll give you rest from all your toils, And raise you to my heav'nly home.

Fl.

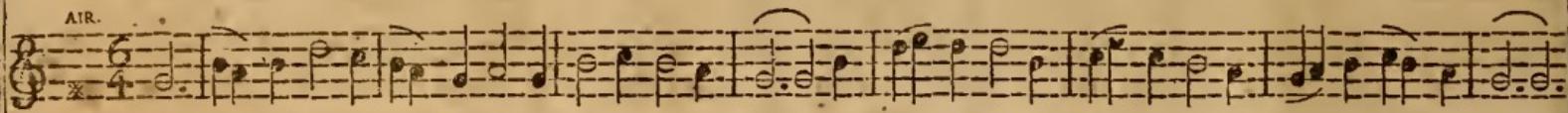
Cres.

They shall find rest who learn of me, I'm of a meek and lowly mind; But passion rages like the sea, And pride is restless as the wind.

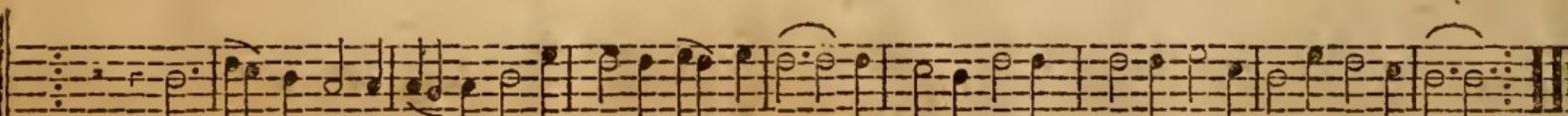
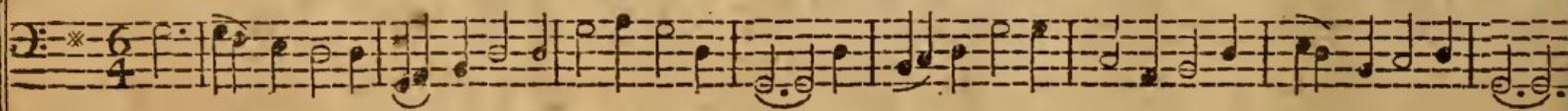
L.



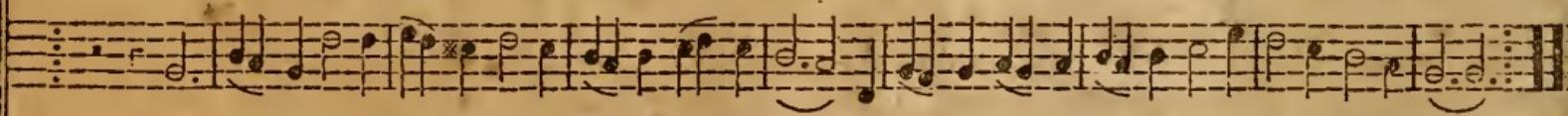
AIR.



O, were I like a feather'd dove! If innocence had wings, I'd fly and make a long remove From all these restless things.



Let me to some wild desert go, And find a peaceful home, Where storms of malice never blow, Temptations never come.



Liverpool.

H. M.

CAPEN.

83

Awake, our drowsy souls ! Shake off each slothful band ! The wonders of this day Our noblest songs demand. Auspicious morn ! Thy blissful rays Bright seraphs hail, In songs of praise. Bright, &c.

Dissolution.

C. M.

A. How.

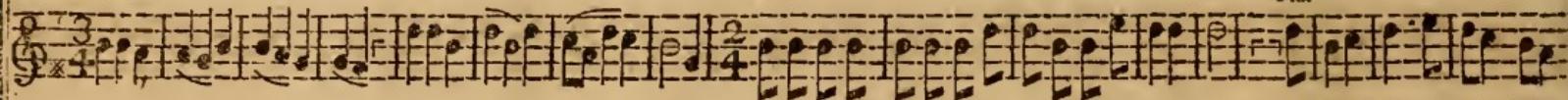
Why do my minutes move so slow ? Why do, &c.

AIR.

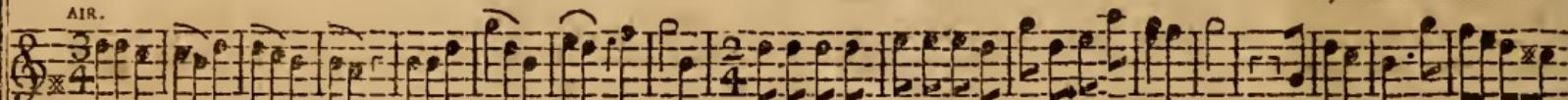
Death may dissolve my body now, And bear my spirit home ; Why do my minutes move so slow ? Why do my minutes move so slow ? Nor my salvation come.

Why do my minutes move so slow ? &c.

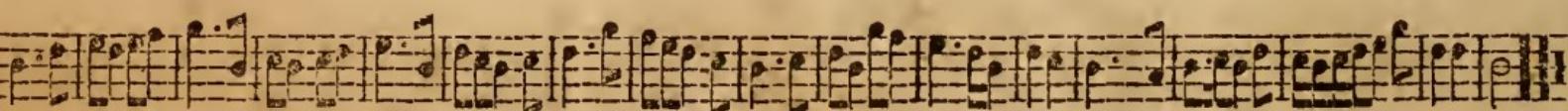
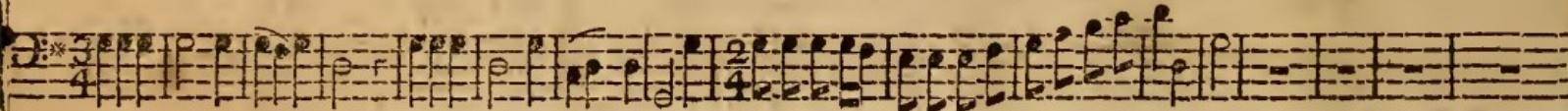
Pia.



Beyond this curtain of the



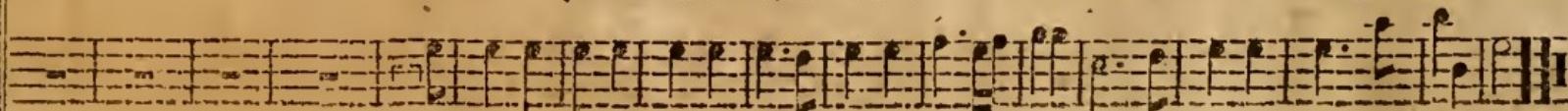
Descend, ye hosts of angels bright, And bear me on your guardian wings, Through regions of celestial light, Above the reach of earthly things.



sky, Up where eternal ages roll!



Where solid pleasures never die, And fruits immortal feast the soul. And fruits immortal feast the soul.

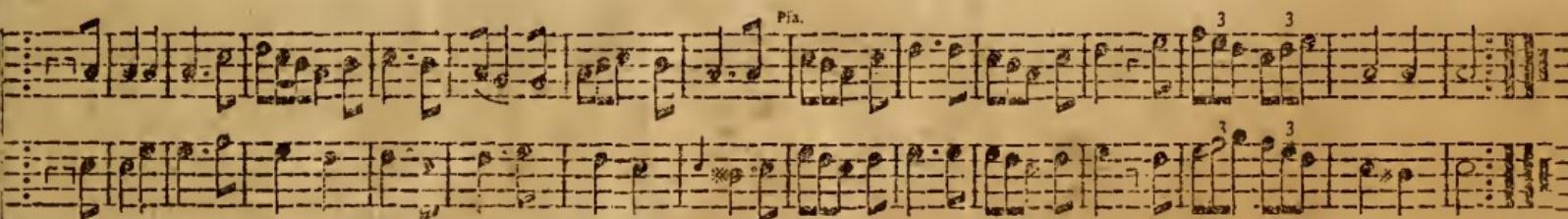




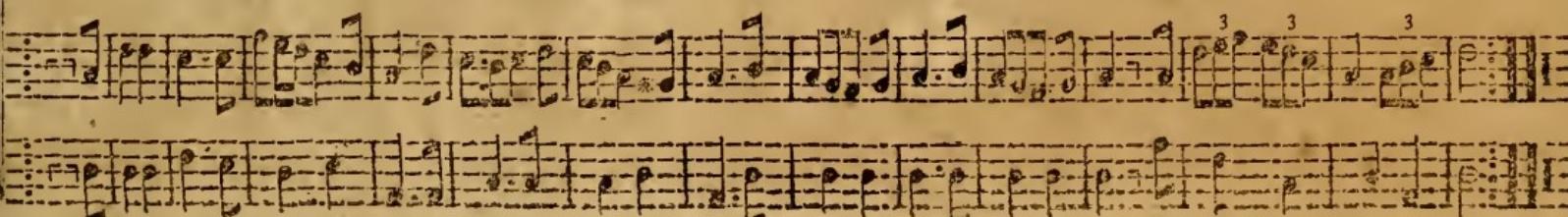
Thee, we adore, eternal Name, And humbly own to thee How feeble is our mortal frame, What dying worms are we!



Pia.



Our wasting lives grow shorter still, As months and days increase; And ev'ry beating pulse we tell, Leaves but the number less.



Far from our friends and country dear, In hostile lands we moan : No tender hand to wipe the tear Which flows with ev'ry groan ! No tender hand, &c.

AIR.

Goshen. C. M.

Angelic, &c.

He comes, the royal Cong'ror comes, His legions fill the sky ;

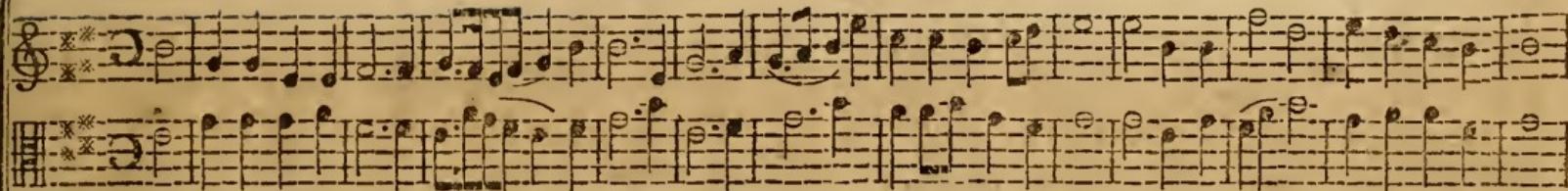
Angelic trumpets rend the tombs, And loud proclaim him nigh.

Angelic, &c.

And, &c.

Angelic, &c.

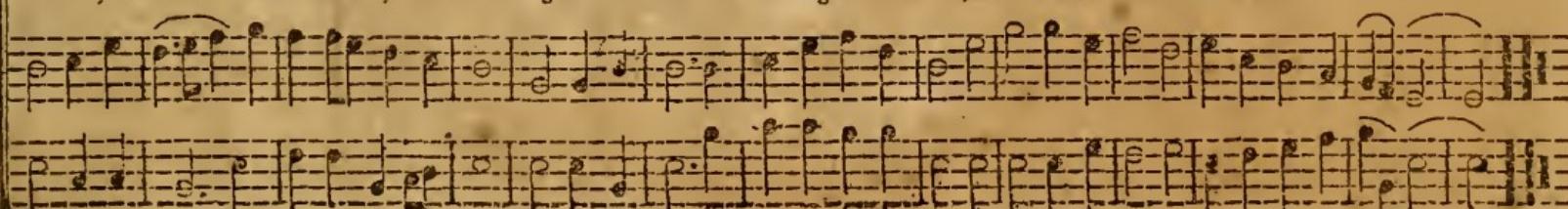
And, &c.



The Lord of glory reigns, he reigns on high, His robes of state are strength and majesty: This wide creation rose at his command,

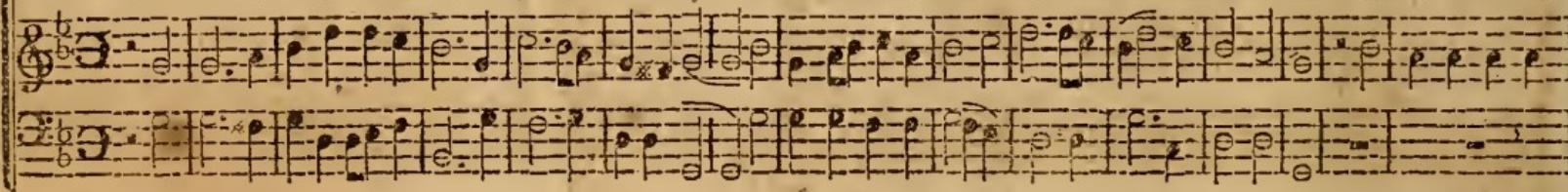


Built by his word, and establish'd by his hand. Long stood his throne e'er he began creation, And his own Godhead is its firm foundation.

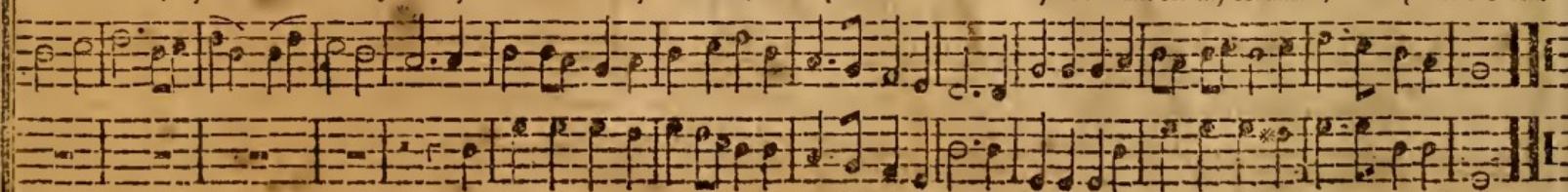




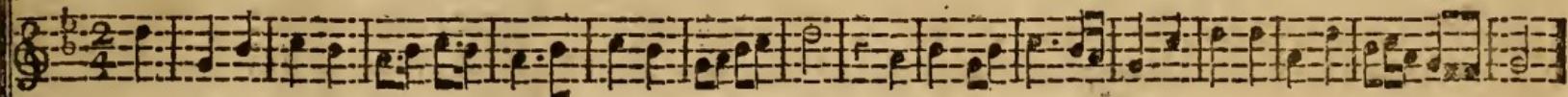
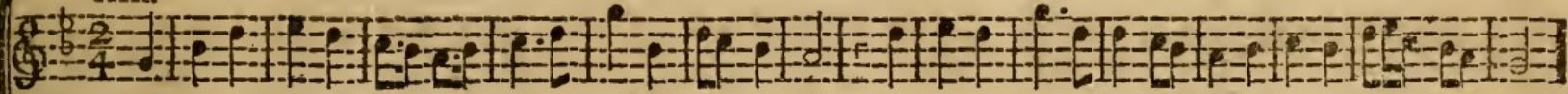
And must my body faint and die, And must this soul remove? Oh, for some guardian angel nigh, To bear it safe above. Jesus, into thy



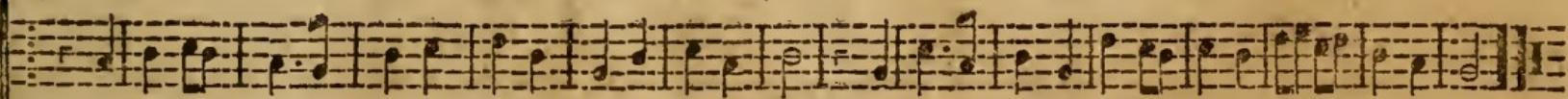
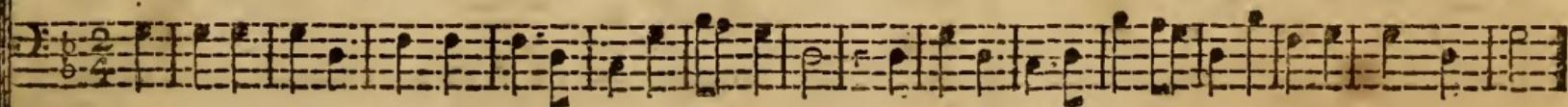
faithful hand, My naked soul I trust; And my flesh waits for thy command, To drop into the dust. And my flesh waits for thy command, To drop into the dust.



AIR.



Indulgent God, with pitying eyes, The sons of men survey, And see how youthful sinners sport In a destructive way.



Ten thousand dangers lurk around To bear them to the tomb, Each in an hour may plunge them down Where hope can never come.

Now to the Lord a noble song, Awake my soul, awake my tongue, Hosanna to th' eternal Name, And all his boundless love proclaim.

See where it shines in

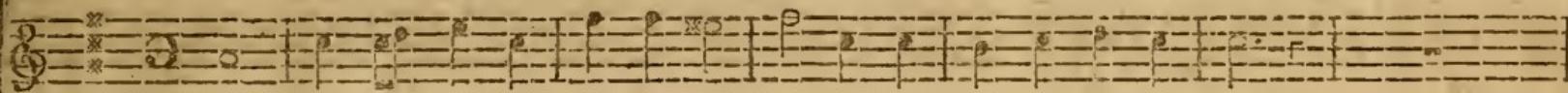
Pia.

For.

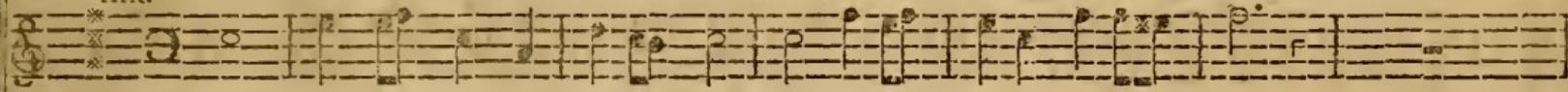
God, in the person of his Son, Has all his noblest works outdone.

Jesus' face, The brightest image of his grace,

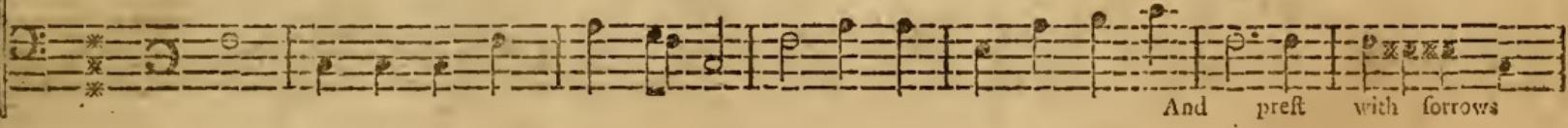
God, in the person, &c.



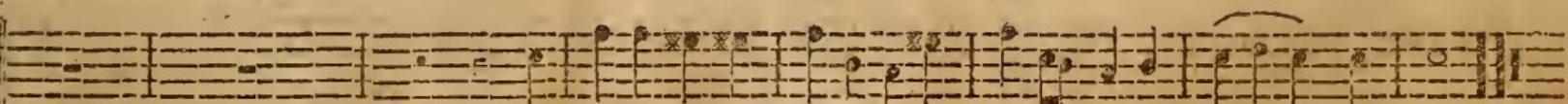
AIR.



Who is this fair one in distress, That travels from the wilderness?

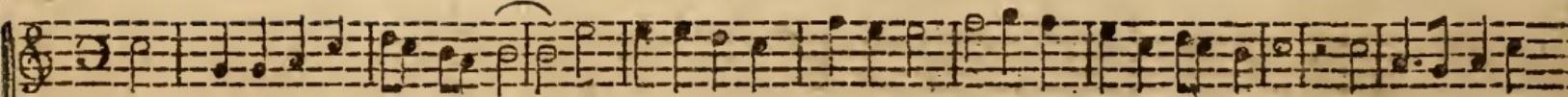


And prest with sorrows

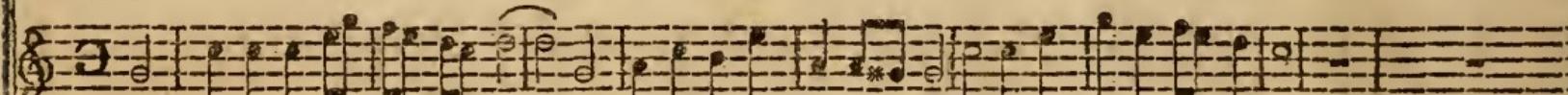


And prest with sorrows and with sins, And prest with sorrows and with sins, On her beloved Lord she leans.

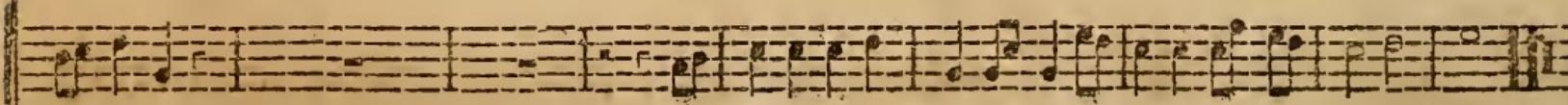
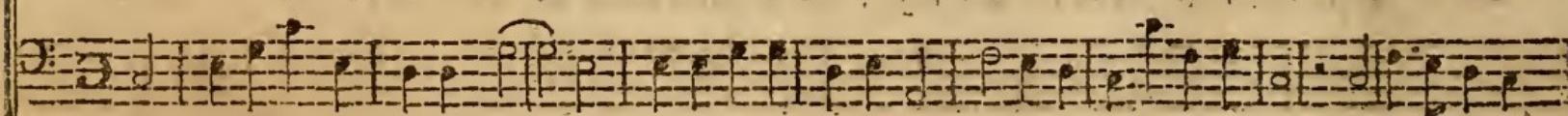




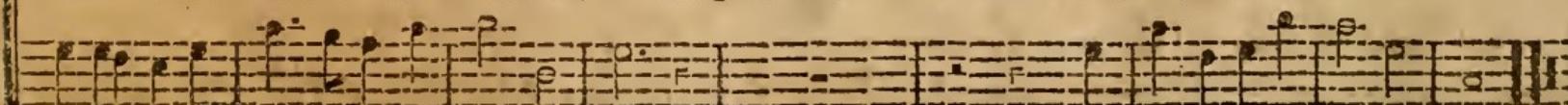
AIR.

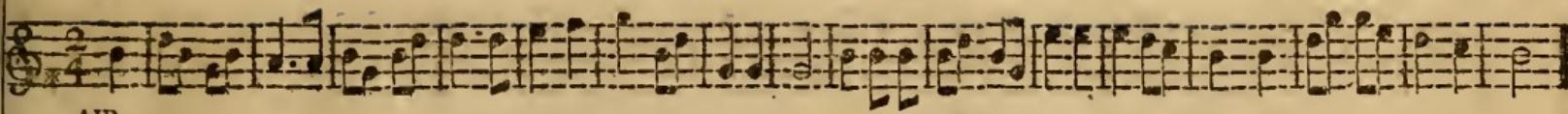


The Lord hath eyes to give the blind, The Lord supports the sinking mind, He sends the lab'ring conscience peace ; He helps the stranger



in distress, The widow and the fatherless, And grants the pris'ner sweet release, And grants, &c.

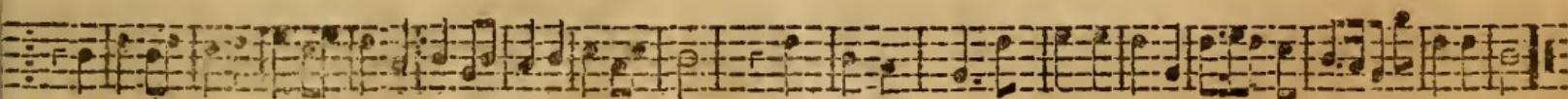
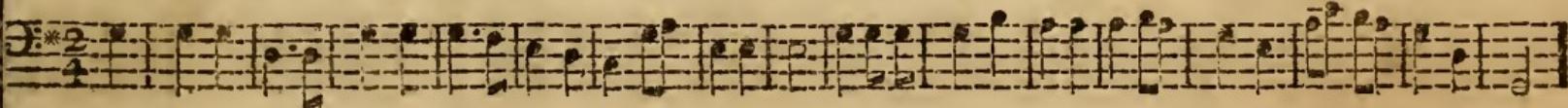




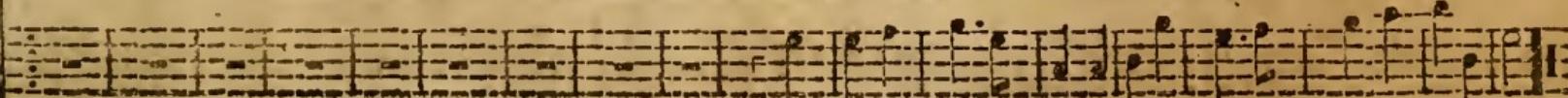
AIR.

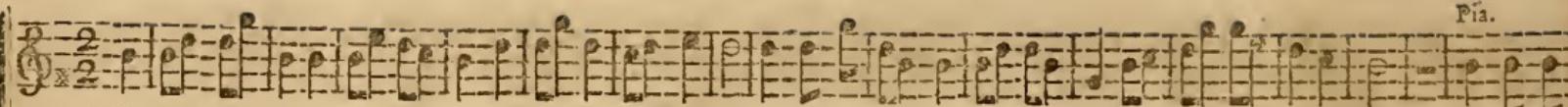


The voice of my beloved sounds, Over the rocks and rising grounds, O'er hills of guilt and seas of grief He leaps, he flies to my relief.

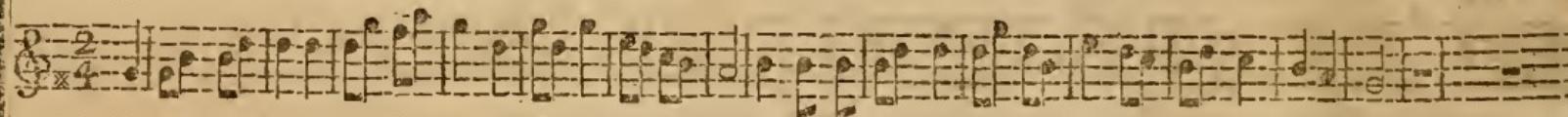


Now through the veil of flesh I see, With eyes of love he looks at me, And in the gospel's clearest glass, He shews the beauties of his face.

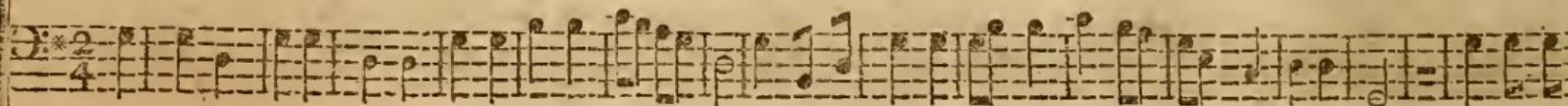




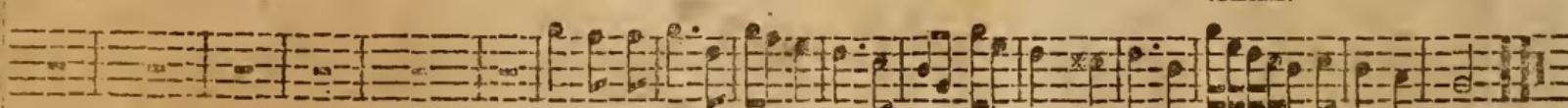
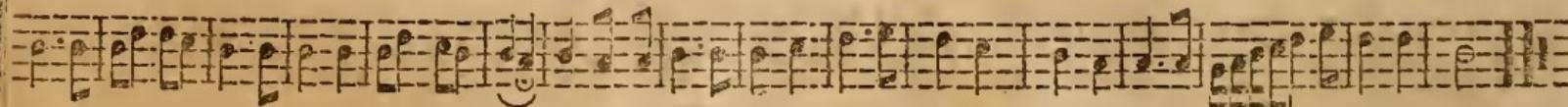
AIR.



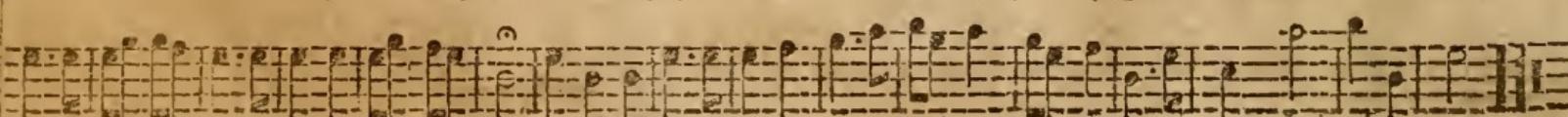
These glorious minds, how bright they shine, Whence all their white array ? How came they to the happy seats Of everlasting day ? From tort'ring



For.



pains to endless joys On fiery wheels they rode, And strangely wash'd their raiment white In Jesus' dying blood. In, &c.



Confidence.

L. M.

HOLDEN.

Pia.

95

AIR.

I feel my Saviour's cheering voice,

And longs to join immortal lays. Hold me, O Jesus, in thine

Now can my soul in God rejoice,

My heart awakes to sing his praise,

Pia.

For.

arms, And cheer me with immortal charms,

Till I awake, &c.

Till I awake in realms above, Forever to enjoy thy love.

The hill of Zion yields A thousand sacred sweets, Before we reach the heavenly fields, Before, &c. Or walk the golden streets.

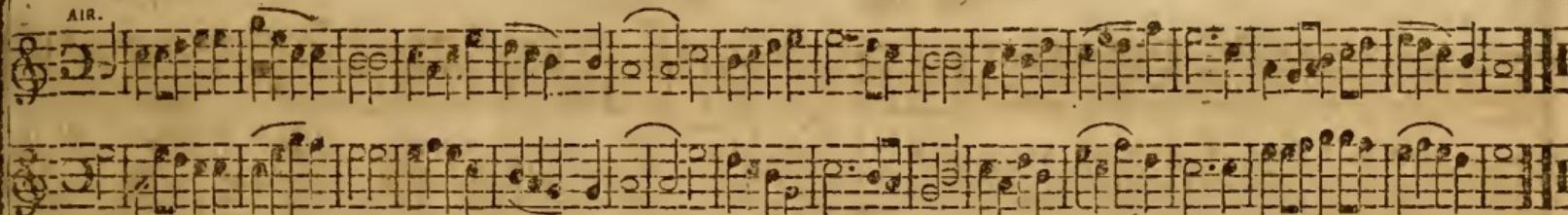
Reviving Hope.

C. M.

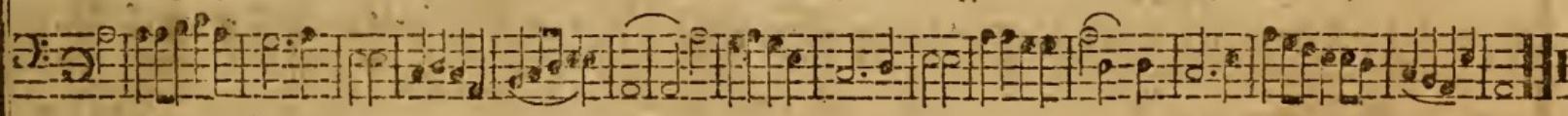
HOLDEN.

Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fear,
The Saviour calls, let every ear Attend the heavenly sound ;
Ye doubting, &c. Hope smiles reviving round.
Ye doubting, &c. Ye doubting, &c.
Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fear,

AIR.



God is a king of pow'r unknown : Firm are the orders of his throne; If he resolve, who dare oppose? If he resolve, &c. Or ask him why or what he does?

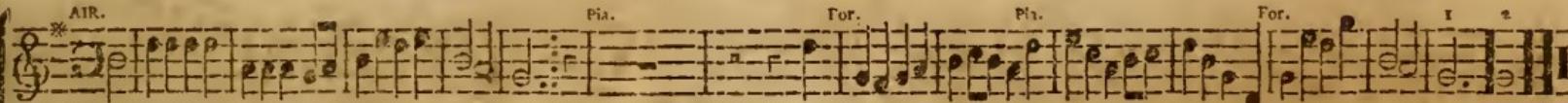


Fryeburgh.

L. M.

ALBEE.

AIR.



Join all the names of love and pow'r,

Or set Immanuel's glory forth.

Or set Immanuel's glory forth.



That ever men or angels wore : All are too mean to speak his worth,

All are too mean to speak his worth,



N

AIR.

Glory and honour be to thee,
Thee we revere, and thee adore ;
In mercy infinite and pow'r.
Thou self-existing Deity :
In mercy infinite and pow'r.

Cornish. L. M.

High on a hill of dazzling light, The King of glory spreads his seat; And troops of angels, stretch'd for flight, Stand waiting at his awful feet.

Niagara.

L. M.

99

ATB.

A musical score for three voices (ATB) in common time. The top staff uses a bass clef, the middle staff an alto clef, and the bottom staff a soprano clef. The music consists of two measures of eighth-note patterns followed by a repeat sign and two more measures of eighth-note patterns.

So let our lips and lives express The holy gospel we profess; So let our works and virtues shine To prove the doctrine all divine. Thus

Continuation of the musical score for three voices (ATB) in common time. The top staff uses a bass clef, the middle staff an alto clef, and the bottom staff a soprano clef. The music consists of two measures of eighth-note patterns followed by a repeat sign and two more measures of eighth-note patterns.

Continuation of the musical score for three voices (ATB) in common time. The top staff uses a bass clef, the middle staff an alto clef, and the bottom staff a soprano clef. The music consists of two measures of eighth-note patterns followed by a repeat sign and two more measures of eighth-note patterns.

Shall we best proclaim abroad The honours of our Saviour God; When the salvation reigns within, And grace subdues the pow'r of sin.

Continuation of the musical score for three voices (ATB) in common time. The top staff uses a bass clef, the middle staff an alto clef, and the bottom staff a soprano clef. The music consists of two measures of eighth-note patterns followed by a repeat sign and two more measures of eighth-note patterns.

My soul repeat his praise, Whose mercies are so great;

Whose anger is so flow to

Whose anger is so flow to rise, So ready to a-

Whose anger, &c.

flow to rise,

Whose anger is so flow to rise,

rise,

So ready to abate.

abate.

Whose anger is so flow to rise.

Consummation.

S. M.

BELKNAP.

101

A musical score for two voices. The top staff uses a soprano C-clef, common time, and consists of mostly eighth-note patterns. The bottom staff uses an alto F-clef, common time, and also consists of eighth-note patterns. The music is divided into measures by vertical bar lines.

Behold, with awful pomp, The Judge prepares to coine; Th' archangel sounds the dreadful trump, Th' archangel sounds the dreadful trump, And wakes the gen'ral doom.

A continuation of the musical score for "Consummation, S. M." It features two staves: soprano (C-clef) and alto (F-clef), both in common time. The patterns continue with eighth-note chords and sustained notes.

Pittsford.

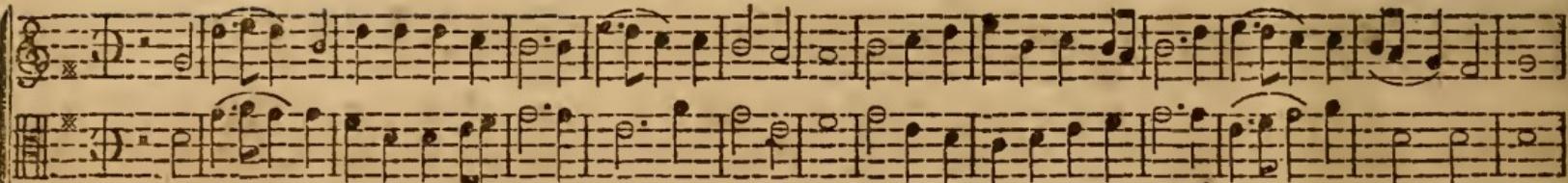
L. M.

BELKNAP.

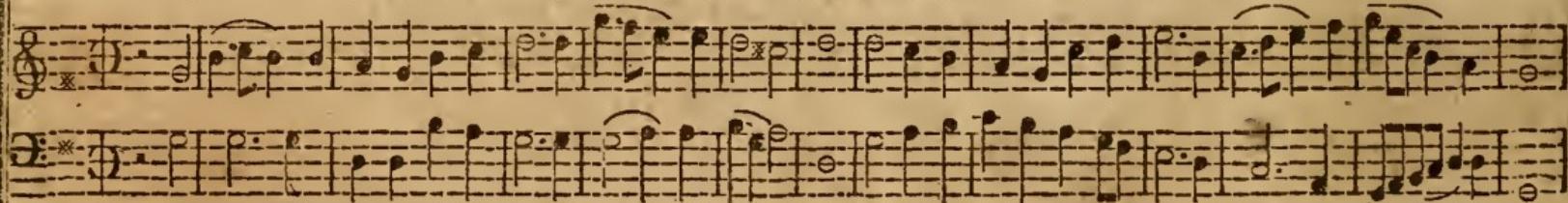
A musical score for two voices. The top staff uses a soprano C-clef, common time, and the bottom staff uses an alto F-clef, common time. Both staves feature eighth-note patterns with some sixteenth-note grace notes.

God, the eternal, awful name, Which the whole heav'ly army fears, Which shakes the wide creation's frame, And Satan trembles when he hears.

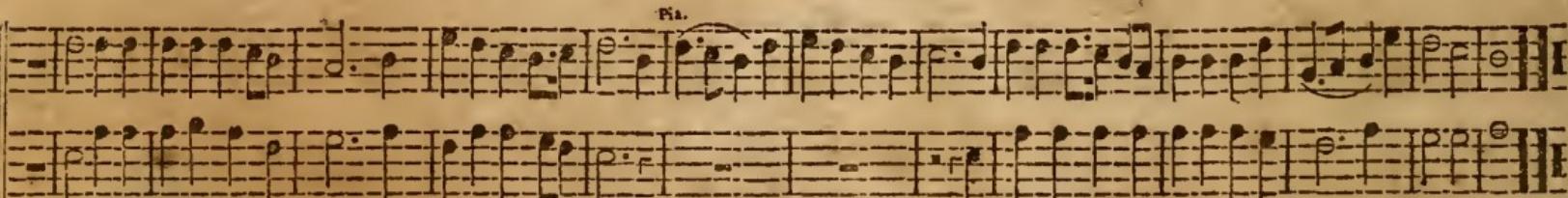
A continuation of the musical score for "Pittsford, L. M." It consists of two staves: soprano (C-clef) and alto (F-clef), both in common time. The music includes sustained notes and eighth-note chords.



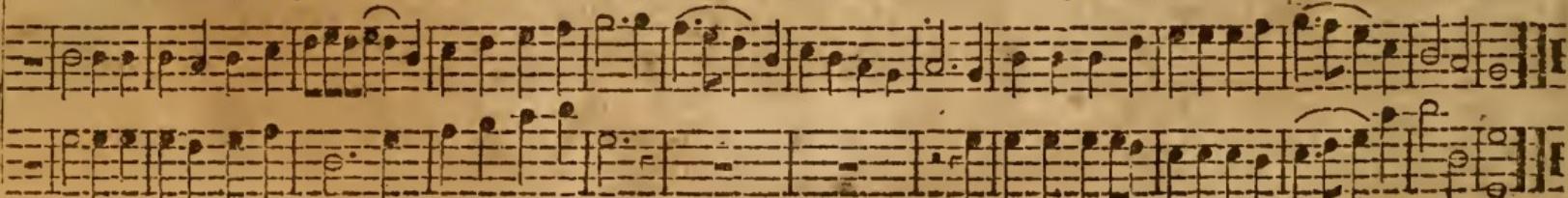
Begin the high celestial strain, My ravish'd soul, and sing A solemn hymn of grateful praise, To heav'n's Almighty King.



pia.



Ye circling mountains, as ye roll Your silver waves along, Whisper to all your verdant shores, Whisper to all, &c. The subject of my song.



AIR.

Angels, roll the stone away : Death, give up thy mighty prey : See ! he rises from the tomb, Shining in immortal bloom.

Dover.

C. M.

BELKNAP.

Naked as from the earth we came, And crept to life at first ; We to the earth return again, And mingle with our dust. And mingle with our dust.



Dear Lord! behold our sore distress; Our sins attempt to reign; Stretch out thine arm of conq'ring grace, And let thy foes be slain.



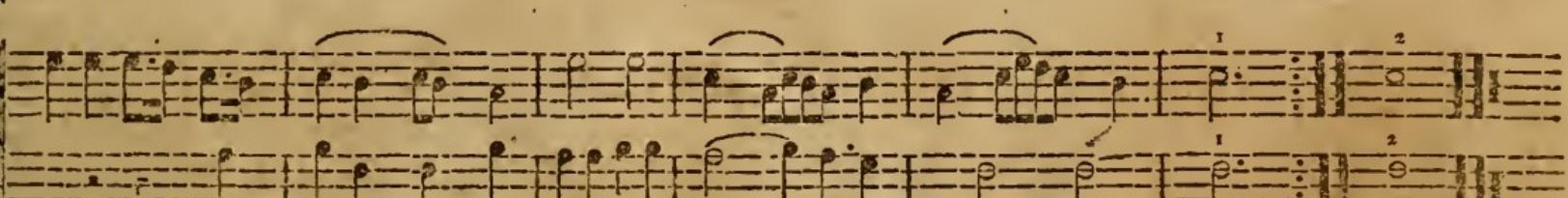
The lion with his dreadful roar, Affrights thy feeble sheep; Reveal the glory of thy pow'r, And chain him to the deep.



Welcome, sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord arise.

Welcome to this re-

Welcome to this, &c.



Welcome to this reviving breast, And these rejoicing eyes.

viving breast, And these rejoicing eyes, And these rejoicing eyes.

Hotham. L. M.

There is a glorious world on high, Resplendent with eternal day; Faith views the blissful prospect nigh, And

Fcr.

God's own word reveals the way. Faith views the blissful prospect nigh, And God's own word reveals the way,

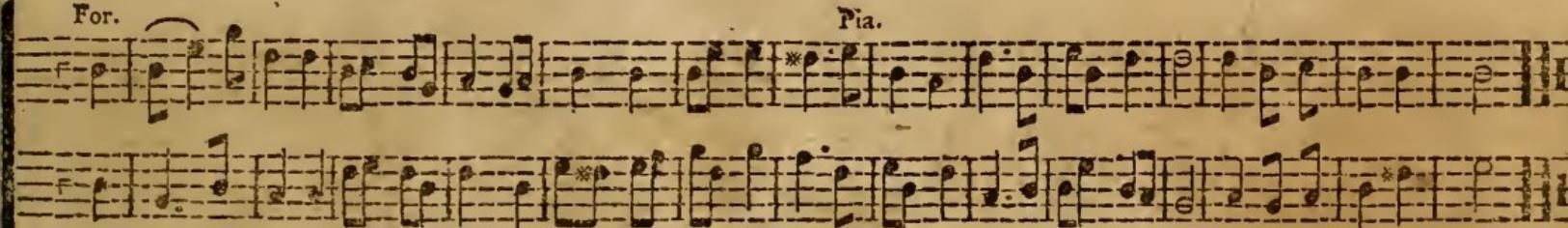


AIR. Our sins, alas ! how strong they be, And like a raging sea ; They break our duty, Lord to thee, And hurry us away.

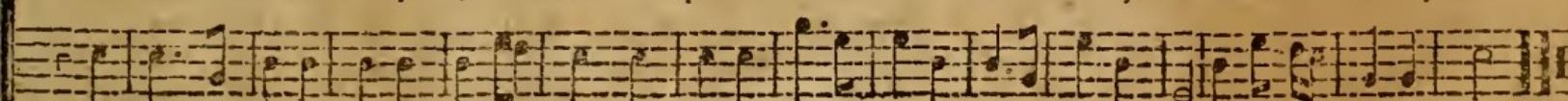


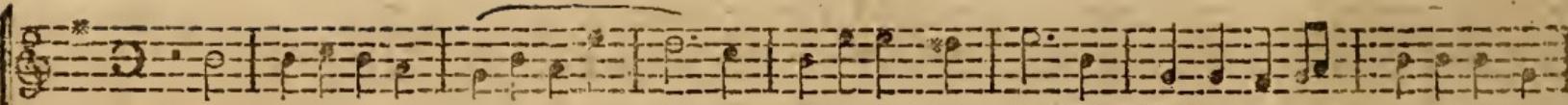
For.

Pia.

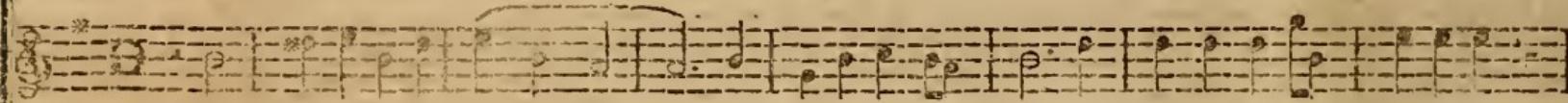


The waves of trouble how they rise, How loud the tempests roar ! But death shall land our weary souls Safe on the heavenly shore.

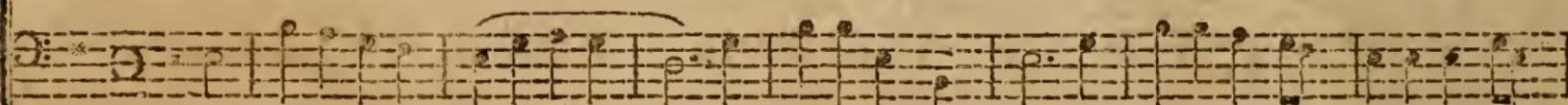




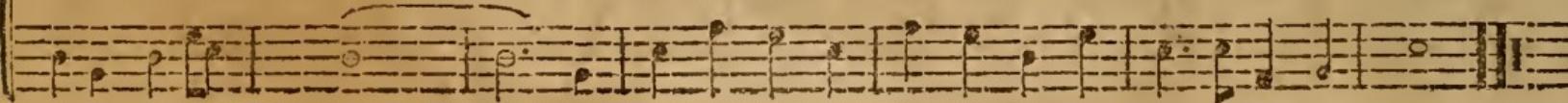
AIR.



Our days are as the grass, Or like a morning flow'r; If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field It



withers in an hour. If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field, It withers in an hour.

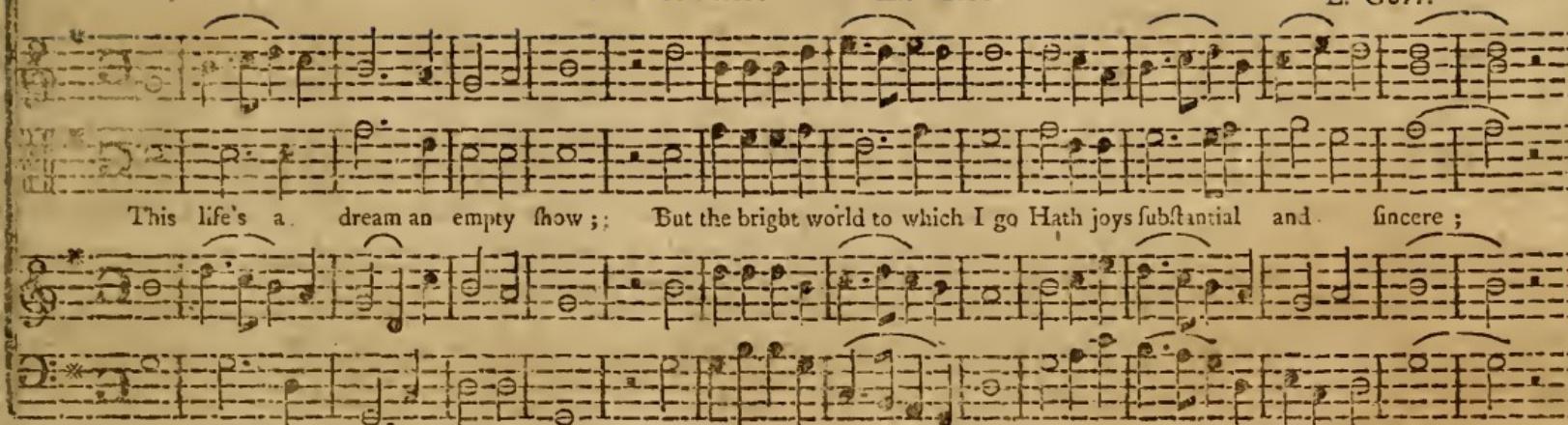


Sardis.

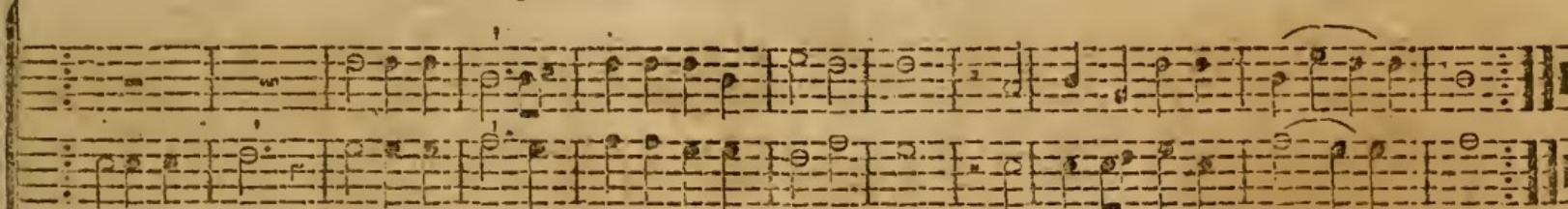
L. M.

E. Goff.

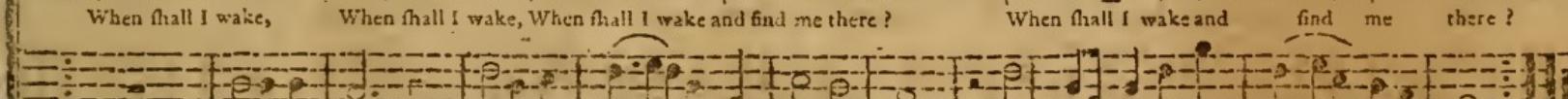
111



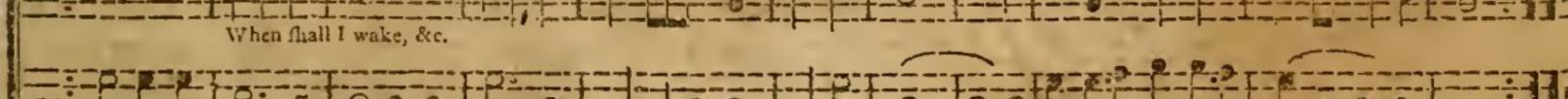
This life's a dream an empty show ; But the bright world to which I go Hath joys substantial and sincere ;



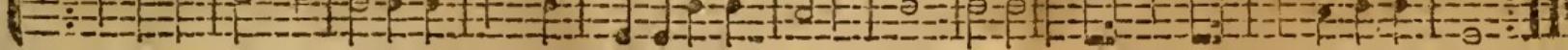
When shall I wake,



When shall I wake, When shall I wake and find me there ?



When shall I wake and find me there ?



When shall I wake, &c.

Lunenburgh. S. M.

E. Gerr.

The law by Moses came, But peace and truth and love, Were brought by Christ, a nobler name,

Were brought by Christ, a nobler name, Descending from above. Were brought, &c.

Descending, &c.

Durham: P. M.

BELKNAP.

109

Think, mighty God, on feeble man; How few his hours, how short his span; Short from the cradle to the grave.

Who can secure his vital breath, Against the bold demands of death, With skill to fly, or pow'r to save? With skill to fly, or pow'r to save?

Penobscot. C. M.

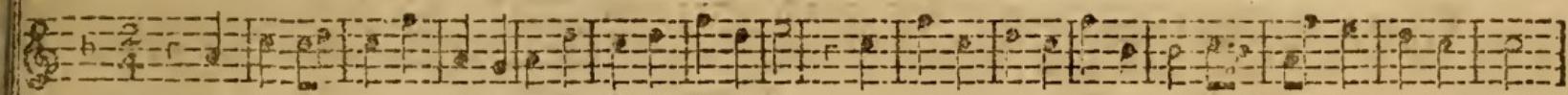
BELKNAP.

I would survey life's narrow space And learn how frail I am.
 Teach me the measure of my days, Thou maker of my frame !
 I would survey life's narrow space And learn how frail I am.
 I would survey life's narrow space And learn how frail I am.
 I would survey life's narrow space, And learn how frail I am.

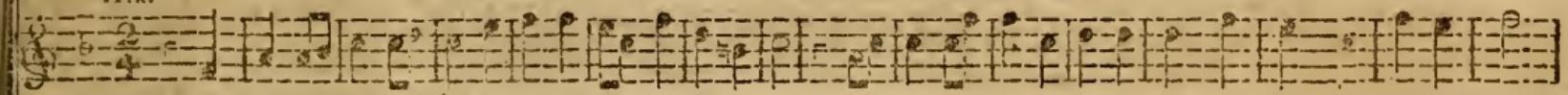
Belfast. C. M.

BELKNAP.

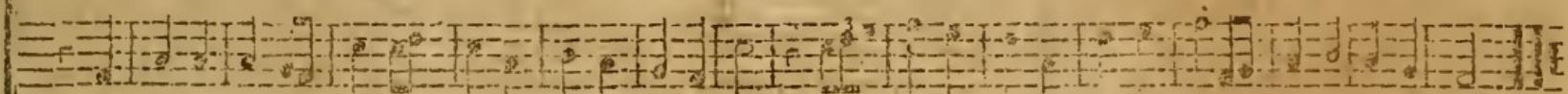
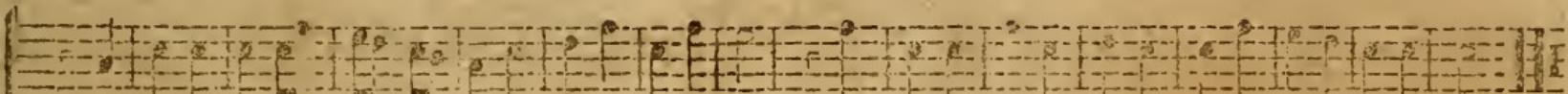
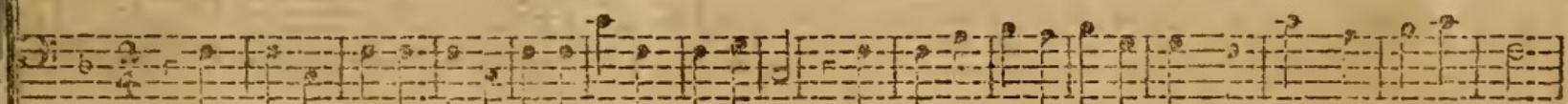
With flowing eyes and bleeding hearts, A fallen world survey ; See the wide ruin sin has made In one unhappy day.



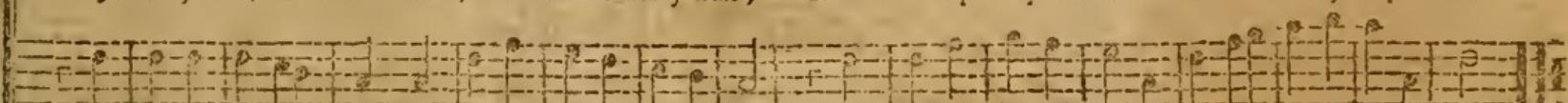
Aix.



I'm not afham'd to own my Lord, Or to defend his cause ; Maintain the honour of his word, The glory of his crois.



Jesus, my God, I know his name, His name is all my trust ; Nor will he put my soul to shame, Or let my hope be lost.



Ashford.

L. M.

BELKNAP

AIR, And spread the joyful tidings round,
Let every soul with transport hear
Loud let the tuneful trumpet sound,
Let every soul with transport hear,
And hail the Lord's accepted year, And hail, &c.

Trenton.

C. M.

Save me, O God, the swelling floods Break in upon my soul; I sink, and forrows o'er my head Like mighty waters roll.

Westborough. C. M.

115

AIR.

A span is all that we can boast, How short the fleeting time ? Man is but vanity and dust, Man, &c.

In all his flow'r and prime.

No. 30. L. M.

MANN.

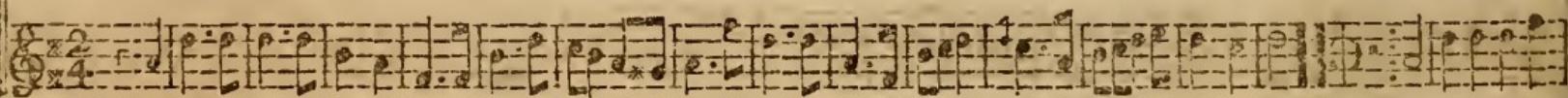
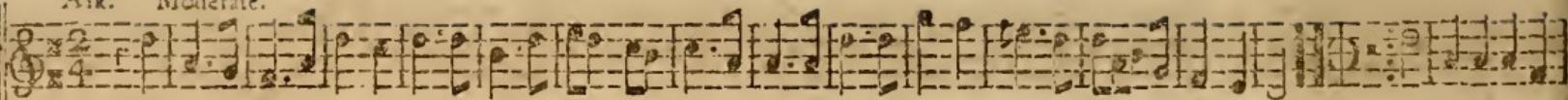
Great is the Lord exalted high, Above all powers and every throne, Whate'er he please, in earth or seas Or heaven or hell his hand hath done.

Auspicious Morn.

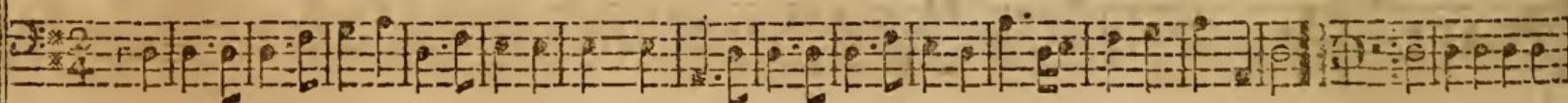
C. M.

BASCOCK.

AIR. Moderate.



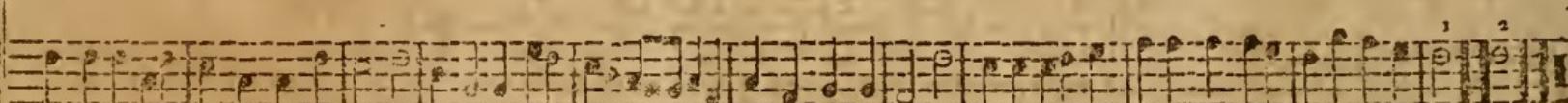
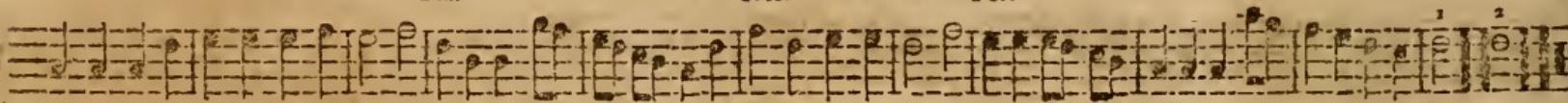
Again the Lord of life and light Awakes the kindling ray, Unseals the eyelids of the morn, And pours increasing day. This day be grateful



Pia.

Cres.

For.



homage paid And lou' hosannas sung, Let gladness dwell on every heart, And praise on every tongue, Let gladness, &c.



Torrington. H. M.

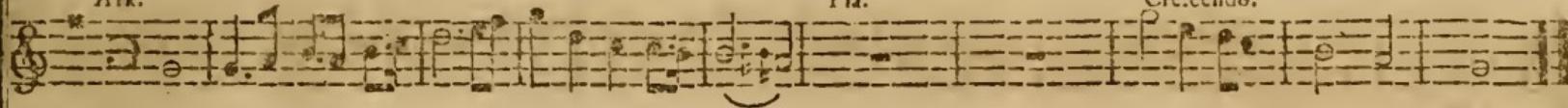
NEWHALL.

117

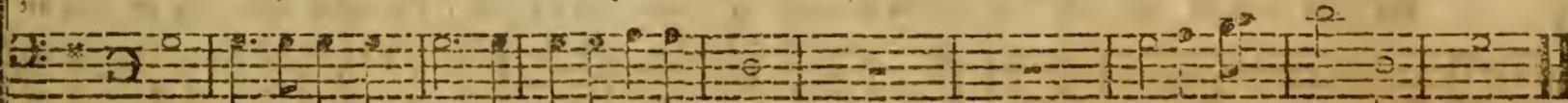
Air.

Pia.

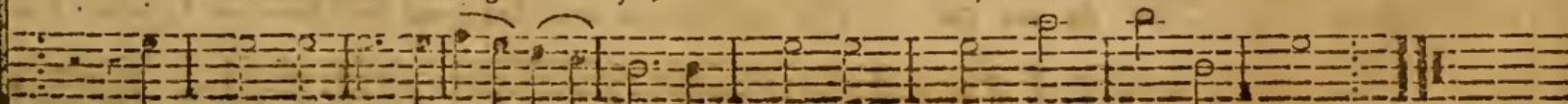
Crescendo.

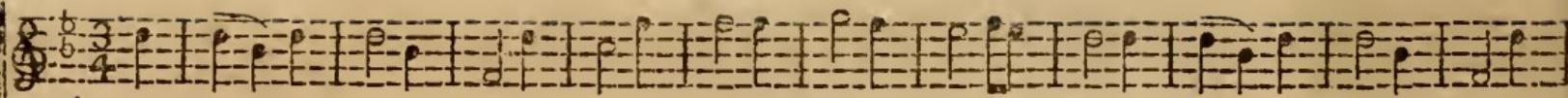


Hark, what celestial notes ! What melody we hear ! Soft on the morn it floats, And fills the ravish'd ear.

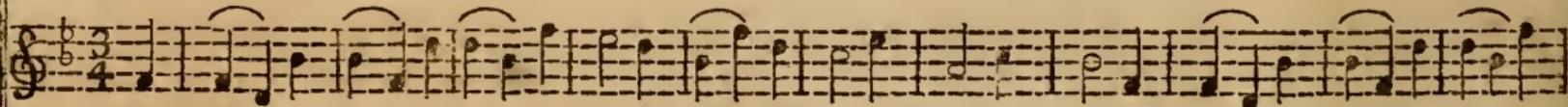


The tuneful shell, The golden lyre, And vocal choir, The concert swell.

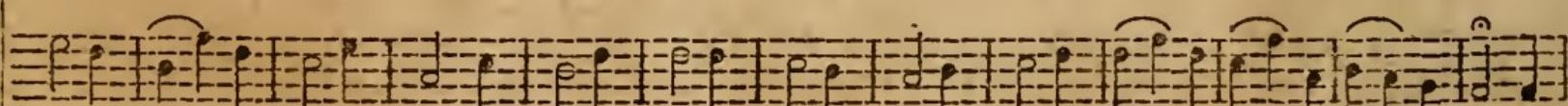
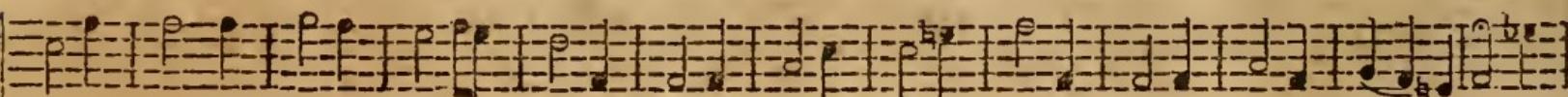
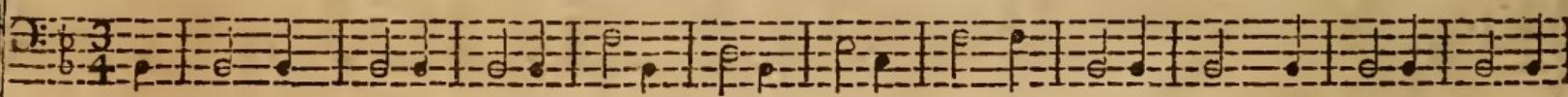




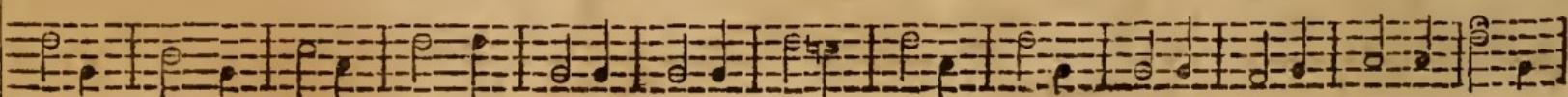
AIR.

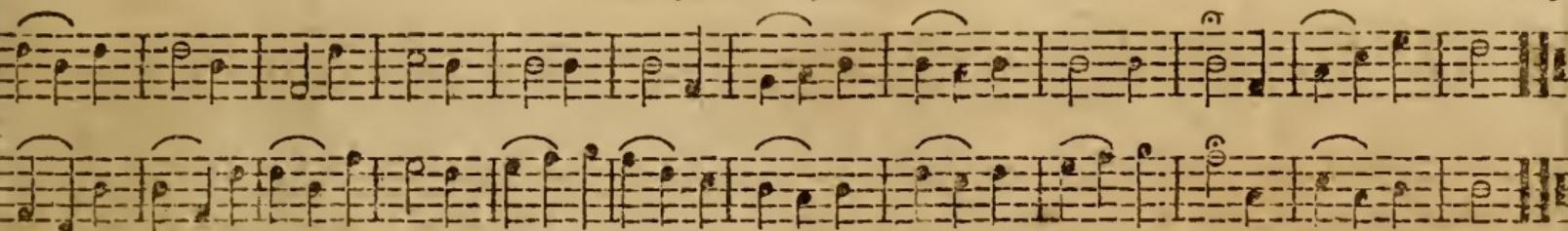


Let him embrace my soul, and prove Mine interest in his heav'ly love; The voice which tells me thou art



mine, Exceeds the blessings of the vine. On thee th' anointing spirit came, And spread the favour of his name; That

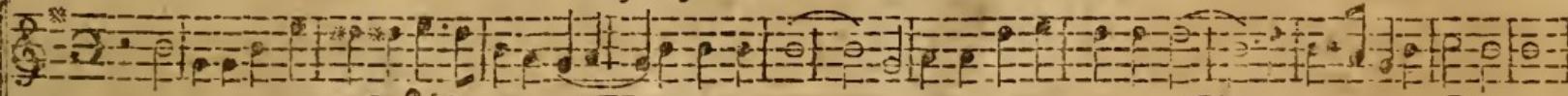




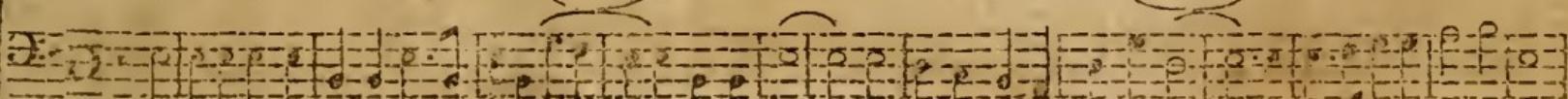
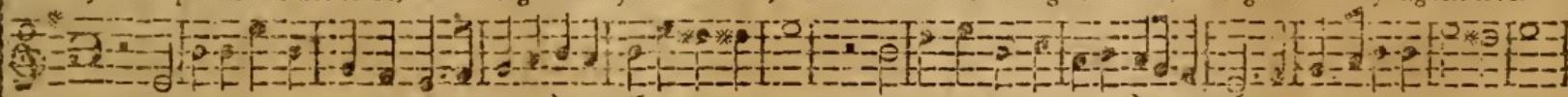
oil of gladness and of grace Draws virgin souls to meet thy face, Draws, &c.

Lynnfield. L. M.

HOLDEN.

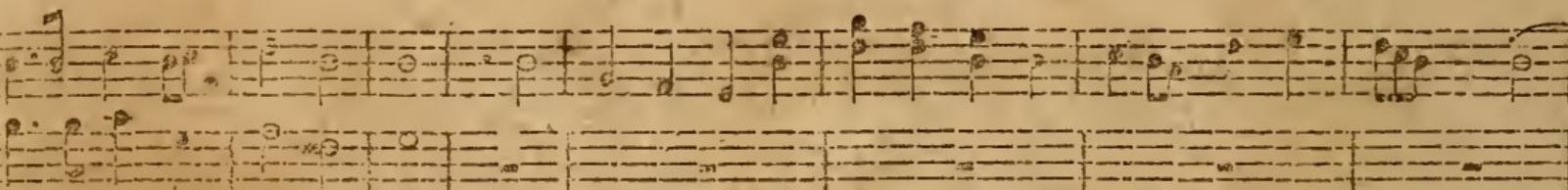


My God p'mit me not to be, A stranger to myself and thee, Amid a thousand thoughts I rove; Forgetful of my highest love.

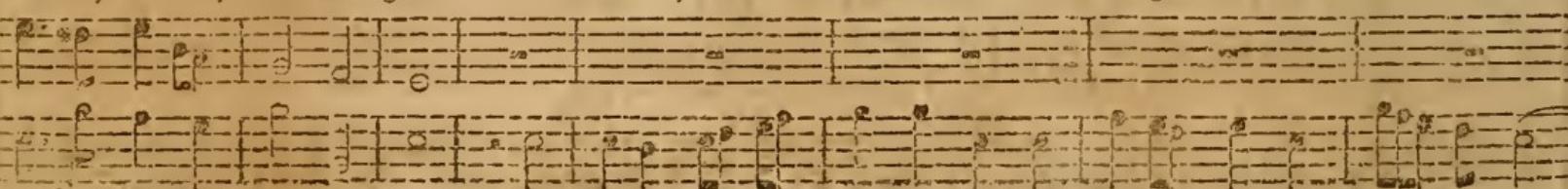


Lynnfield Continued.

Why should my passions mix with earth; And thus disgrace my heav'ly birth? Why should I cleave to things below, And



let my God my Saviour go? Call me away from flesh and sense, One sovereign word can call me thence,



Lynnfield Continued.

121

Soft.

I would obey the voice divine. And all inferior joys resign Be earth with all her scenes withdrawn, Let

Soft.

Loud.

noise and vanity be gone, In secret silence of the mind, My heav'n, My heav'n, My heav'n, My heav'n, and thee, my God, I find.

Tolland. L. P. M.

JANSEN.

I'll praise my Maker with my breath, And when my voice is lost in death
 My days of praise shall ne'er be past While
 Praise shall employ my nobler powers,

life and thought and being last,
 Or immortality endures
 Or immortality endures.

Scarborough.

C. M.

BENDEK.

123.

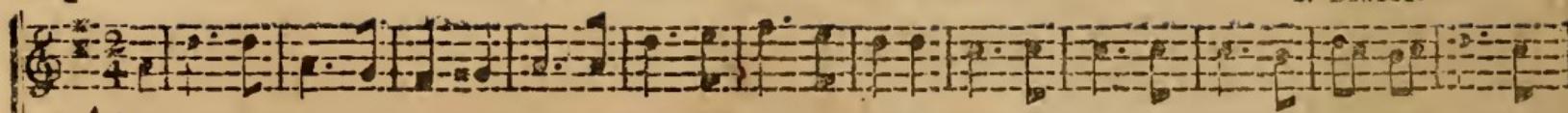
His, &c.

Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands, Ye tribes of every tongue.

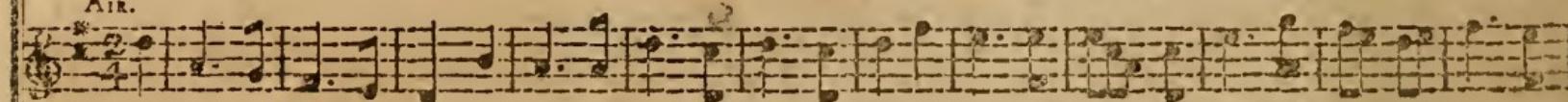
His, &c.

His, &c.

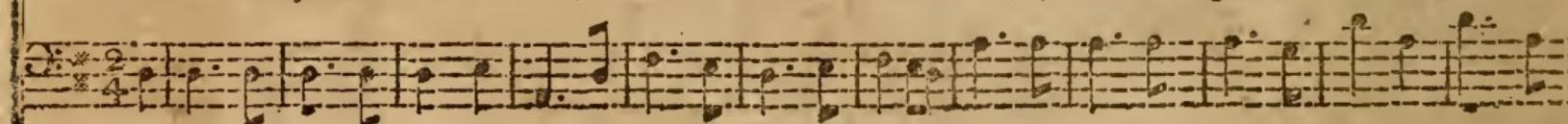
His new discover'd grace, his new discover'd grace demands a new and nobler song.



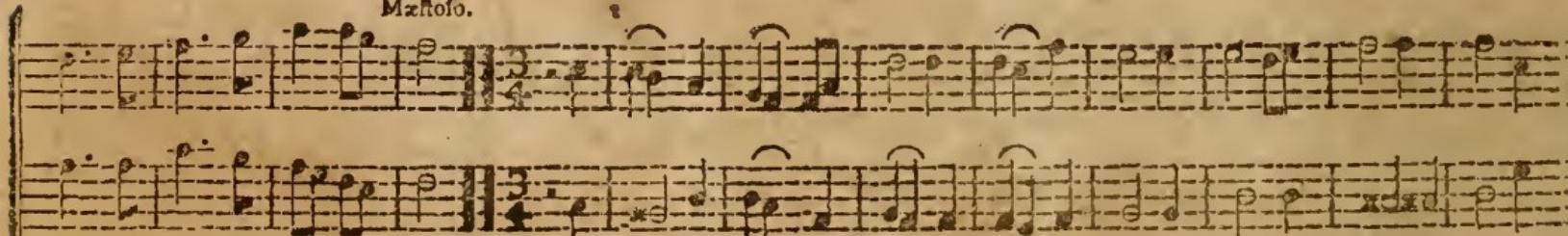
AIR.



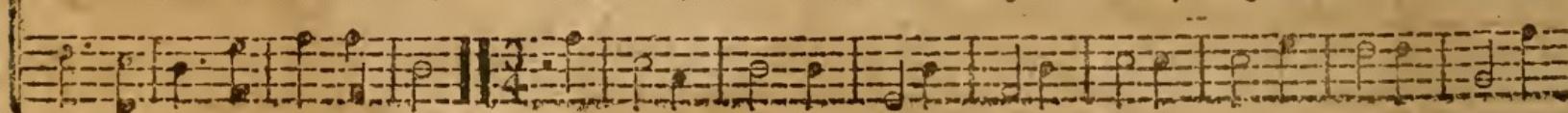
Loud hallelujahs to the Lord, From distant worlds where creatures dwell ; Let heav'n begin the solemn word, And



Molto.



sounding dreadful down to hell, The Lord, how absolute he reigns ! Let every angel bend the knee, Sing



St. Germain's Continued.

125

Pian.

of his love in . heav'ly strains, In heav'ly strains, In heav'ly strains, And speak how fierce his terrors be.

Keene. C. M.

BILLYAP.

Since I have plac'd my trust in God, A refuge always nigh, Why should I like a tim'rous bird, To distant mountains fly.

Brunswick. C. M.

BENDER.

AIR.

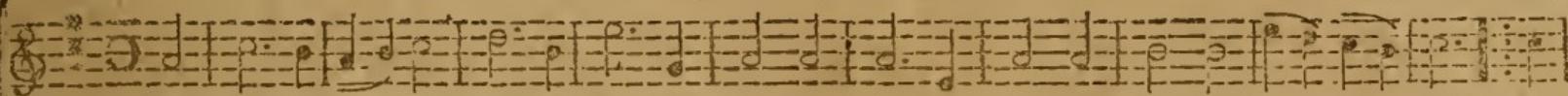
Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear My voice ascending high To thee will I address my prayer, To thee lift up mine eye,

Up to the hills where Christ is gone To plead for all his saints, Presenting at his father's throne Our songs and one complaint,

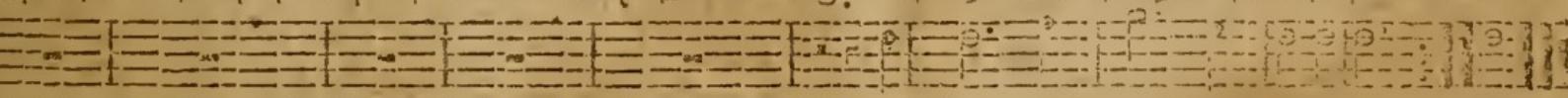
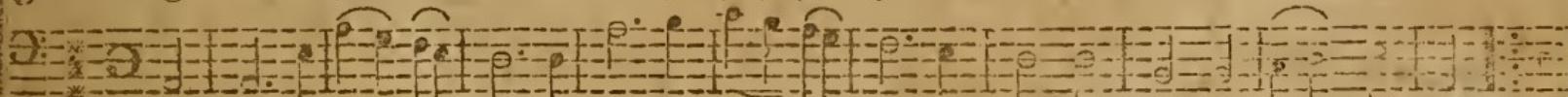
No. 29. S. P. M.

MASS.

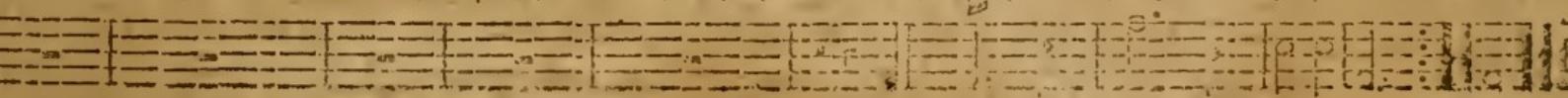
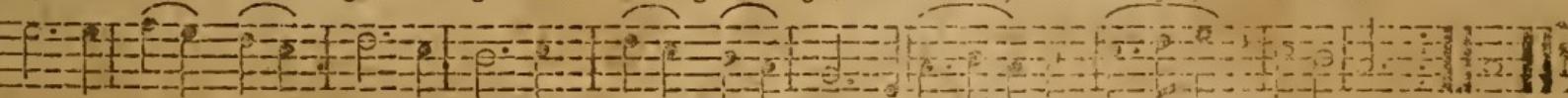
127



The Lord Jehovah reigns, And royal state maintains; His head with awful glories crown'd; Ar-



ray'd in robes of light, Begirt with sovereign might, And rays of majesty around.



O God to whom revenge belongs, Thy vengeance now disclose;
Arise, &c.
Arise, thou Judge of all the earth, And crush thy haughty foes, And crush thy haughty foes.